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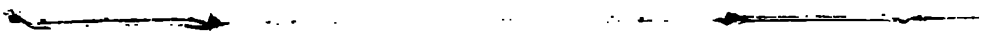

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THE WORLD:

AS IT WAS, IS, AND WILL BE.

And God saw every thing that He had made, and behold, it was *very good*. — GEN. 1: 31.

I have seen all the works that are done under the sun; and behold, all is *vanity and vexation of spirit*. — ECCL. 1: 14.

Behold, I create *new heavens*, and a *new earth*. Joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody. — ISA. 65: 17, and 51: 3.

BY MRS. A. C. JUDSON.

ROCHESTER:

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1853.

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PREFACE.

THE object of the following pages is not to exhibit skill in metaphysical reasoning or labored argumentation — neither is it to gratify the taste with a variety of rhetorical figures and flights of imagination — nor do we expect to startle with novelties,— none of these. Our aim is solely to honor the God of truth, by presenting some of those things which He hath revealed, and showing the harmony between them and existing facts. Many traditions have been substituted in the place of plain literal statements of Scripture, which have tended to blind the mind and lead into mysticism and darkness.

It is truly delightful to trace the history of our world, and mark how strikingly sacred predictions concerning it have all been fulfilled. And, with such a view, how can we entertain the least doubt that every announcement relative to the future, will, in the same manner be realized? "Facts are stubborn things," and we have these in abundance to prove the authenticity of Scripture. Those therefore who will not rely upon such evidence and doubt the fullfilment of future predictions—must be of that class who who "Love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil."

The Past, Present, and Future as relating to the history of Man, is indeed a vast field to explore. It would require volumes of no ordinary size to cover the ground in its full extent. Of course but a small portion can be exhibited in a volume of the size of here presented. To give a concise view, or draw the outlines as it were, in a manner that shall seem harmonious, is all that we have attempted. There may be some students of Prophecy who are looking with an eager eye into the future, dissatisfied that coming events, particularly relative to the "thousand years" are not described with more minuteness. But, as before expressed, an outline is all we have aimed to accomplish. If any by means of this effort shall have an interest awakened to give a more particular examination to these momentous subjects, and even a few are led to ascribe glory to Him who is worthy of all adoration, it will abundantly compensate the labor and answer the fervent prayers of

THE AUTHOR.

THE WORLD AS IT WAS.

To study the phenomena relating to the solar system, or the vast number of worlds that are revolving through immensity, is a rational employment, and one that is full of interest to an intelligent being. And if, as reason seems to indicate, these worlds are the abodes of sentient existences, where is the inquiring mind that would not be greatly delighted to become acquainted with their circumstances and destiny—and would cheerfully submit to the most diligent research for the sake of acquiring such knowledge? Yet to us, as human beings, how can all this compare in point of interest with a knowledge of the planet which we inhabit — this small speck in creation denominated — the *Earth* — to know all that can be known of its history and destiny, because our own are so closely linked with them! And yet, how few comparatively, manifest any interest in a subject of such great importance. There are those it is true, who pride themselves upon being historians, who take pleasure in tracing the rise and fall of kingdoms, and the annals of nations, but there, their inquiries are at an end.— *Profane* history alone being their study, their know-

edge is exceedingly limited. They have but a few links, as it were, of that great chain which connects the Past, Present and Future into one harmonious whole. The entire Future is to them a sealed book, while with regard to even the *past* they are not unfrequently compelled to the inquiry — *Why* are these things so?

There are undoubtedly but few intelligent minds to be found who do not entertain the opinion, that this globe which we inhabit, at some former period more or less distant, has been in a far different state from that which is now exhibited. That the derangement visible upon every portion of its surface has inevitably resulted from some cause or causes that were not in operation at the commencement of its existence. All will agree that something has tended to mar what reason affirms was originally harmonious and perfect in its arrangement. Geologists have proved it, scientific men of all classes affirm it, and we may well consider it an established point. And what is this perverting cause? is the inquiry that naturally suggests itself to the mind. Heathen or infidel philosophy endeavor in vain to give an answer. There is a mysticism in their solutions which involve the mind in darkness, that is more annoying than even the utmost suspense. And in vain do we appeal to any *human source for true* knowledge upon the point.— *Revelation alone unfolds* the mystery. Upon the

pages of that pure word, claiming to be divine, and bearing most evidently the stamp of its heavenly origin — among those living oracles that were indited by "holy men of God as they were moved by the Spirit," we find the solution, clear as the noon-day sun, and all who will may have their doubts dispelled.

We cast our eye also to the future, and the question arises, will our earth still continue to roll on in its present condition through even unnumbered ages, or will its existence terminate? This too remains unanswered by every effort of human wisdom. But the same inspired word is a "Light that shineth into a dark place" — even the mysterious future, making known the destiny of the earth and its inhabitants for ages hence, yea for an interminable period. This then we hesitate not to affirm, is the only true source of knowledge relative to the origin and final destiny of our world, and we shall therefore adopt it as our guide in the presentation of truth, trusting to its Author for aid, and anticipate a happy result only as His blessing shall attend it.

In contemplating the primeval condition of our world we shall commence with a few thoughts relative to

ITS ORIGIN.

At the very opening of the sacred volume, we find the clear and simple statement that In the beginning

God created the heavens and the earth. And who is the Being that thus lays claim to the authorship of this work? He has condescended to announce himself to us as "*The High and Lofty One inhabiting Eternity, whose name is Holy, The mighty God even Jehovah, The great I Am, The blessed and only Potentate—King of Kings and Lord of Lords, Who only hath Immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto; whom no man hath seen nor can see. The King eternal, immortal, invisible—the only wise God—merciful and gracious, slow to anger and of great kindness, and abundant in goodness and truth—whose throne is Heaven and footstool earth—great, and we know Him not, neither is the number of His years searched out—who sitteth upon the circle of the Earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers—who hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand, meted out Heaven with a span, comprehended the dust of the Earth in a measure, weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance—the First and the Last, and beside whom there is no God!*" Such is the august, and wonderful Being, who, by his own mighty energies, waked into existence all created things. "He spake and it was done, He commanded, and it stood fast." Out of confusion He brought order—out of deformity, most exquisite *beauty.*

Celestial spirits paused to see
What work was wrought by Deity;
A startling voice the silence broke—
"Let there be Light!" The Almighty spoke,
And rays resplendent darted o'er
This new made earth—'Twas night no more,
The joyous waters leaped in might,
And seraphs shouted with delight!

He made every plant and leaf of the field, every tree and its fruit. And He it was who imparted the "breath of life" to every living thing that inhabiteth air, earth, and water. Above all, that master-piece of workmanship, — Man, came forth at the bidding of His word, out of the dust of the ground, a living thinking, rational being; yea, the very image of his author. To whom was given the dominion over all the earth. Not as an arbitrary sovereign, but as chief intelligence, to guide the inferior creation, and thus preserve that consistent harmony which is strikingly characteristic of all Jehovah's works. Such was the origin of our earth and its inhabitants, according to the only true light that is afforded us It is simple, and by this very simplicity, is rendered the more interesting and worthy of credence. Those who adopt the vagaries of fancy, or the blind movements of chance, can have their choice. Far better is it indeed, to tread in the footsteps of those illustrious worthies, who "Through *faith* understood that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that

things which are seen were not made of things that do appear." Let us *believe*, and so be wise.

We are now prepared to consider the original condition

OF THE EARTH ITSELF.

Throughout the vast works of creation, amid those myriads of worlds which science has unfolded to our vision, we behold order and beauty, evincing a perfection of skill and wisdom in their great author, infinitely transcending that which is portrayed in the proudest efforts of human genius or art. There is symmetay and adaptation in every part, forcing the inevitable conclusion, that whatever comes from the Divine hand is without a shadow of blemish. We see this also amid the ruins of our own once lovely planet. What striking beauty is visible in the unnumbered variety of flowers that adorn the earth. The eye is delighted with them. Yet this is not all; a sense is imparted to us that is perfectly adapted to enjoy their fragrance, and thus the pleasure derived is exceedingly enhanced, evincing great wisdom and benevolence of design. Look also at earth's verdant carpet. Were it of a dismal hue, or one so brilliant as to dazzle, and our organ of vision the same as at present, incongruity would at once be visible, marking the works of the Creator with imperfection. On the

contrary, how perfectly each is adapted to the other, causing that beautiful harmony we so much admire.

Reason then affirms, without any additional evidence, that our earth when first completed at the hand of the great Architect, was truly beautiful, and in the highest state of perfection. But we have also the written word to substantiate our position. It is said: "He hath made every thing beautiful in his time, Eccl. 3. 11. And in that memorable account of the creation which is given at the opening of the sacred volume, we are told that at the completion of each part of the work, God looked upon it and pronounced it "very good." Surely then, if He whose eye is capable of even infinite discernment—the only unerring critic in the universe thus decided, there could not have been aught of imperfection connected with any thing in existence. All was fitted to awaken the highest admiration, and also subservient to some wise end.

Not even the most minute and apparently inferior object was made in vain. Beauty and utility crowned every portion of God's sublime creation. We find no account of poisonous weeds or pestilential swamps. But there were trees of every variety, that were "pleasant to the sight and good for food," covered with luxuriant foliage—Fields, adorned with the richest verdure—Fountains, with streams gushing forth in all their freshness and purity to send abroad a healthful *influence* ;—There too was the choice vine, and fra-

grant flower—In short, all that can be found in earth's wide domain that is lovely, with the absence of every thing that is noxious or impure.

We have reason to infer that there was orignally

NO CHANGE OF SEASONS.

Upon this point we have no direct scripture testimony, unless it is that which is spoken prophetically of the earth renewed, and as that is to be a restoration of the Paradisiacal state, it necessarily furnishes us some ground of proof respecting it.—It is said "There shall be nothing to hurt or destroy" in that better state. From this we conclude, of course, that the cold frosts of winter, or excessive heat that causes drought in summmer will never be known.

Also we have language like the following with reference to the inhabitants of that new earth.—"They shall not hunger nor thirst, neither shall the *heat nor sun smite them.*" There is enough to lead us to the conclusion that these changes will not then be experienced, and this gives us reason for the descision that such was not the original design of the Creator concerning our planet. We also argue this from the fact that instead of administering to the health and happiness of man, they cause much suffering, are deleterious to the constitution, and greatly impair *both the physical and mental* energies. Our very na-

tures shrink from the extremes attendant upon them, and cry out for perpetual spring. But the question may be asked—how could this state of things be avoided? The revolution of planets around a common center, is surely one of those laws of nature which produces harmony in the universe. How then could our earth have been made to revolve around the sun without a change of seasons?

Professor Dick, a man of deep research, and one who has added much to our knowledge respecting the material universe, has proven most clearly in one of his interesting philososhical works—that *were the axis of the earth perpendicular to the plane of its orbit*, there would be perpetual spring. And as this obliquity of the axis seems inconsistent with that order which pervades the universe, he concludes that at some time since it was set in motion by the Almighty Hand who formed it, a sudden and terrible convulsion has taken place to cause such a reversion. And that it seems reasonable to suppose this to have occurred at the time of that fearful destruction by a Deluge—when the "fountains of the great deep were broken up"—implying of course that the earth was violently shaken. This agrees with the scriptural assertion —"He shaketh the earth out of her place."

Now we do not wish to theorize in the place of presenting truth. But if this is a philosophical fact, which is fully endorsed by a well-known, able, and

apparently conscientious man, we see no reason why we may not rely upon it as evidence of the truthfulness of our position.

And if this is true, we can easily see that when *made anew*, our planet can still perform its annual revolutions about the sun, but by being *upright in its position* be freed from those unhealthful vicissitudes we now experience.

We also conclude that there existed originally a *Different state of atmosphere.* The atmosphere surrounding our earth, although the element which we breathe, and absolutely requisite for the continuance of life, constitutes the prolific source of many of those evils that are at present the inheritance of mankind.

There is something truly fearful in the wind when it is roused in its might, as in the tornado, or hurricane, or those scorching blasts of the desert, which wither all beneath their power. And when the fierce lightning flashes through the sky, and the thunder rolls its heavy artillery, man quakes with fear, and feels instinctively that the frowns of Jehovah are resting upon him. The howling wintry storm brings desolation and sadness with it, and a darkened sky is ever the bearer of gloom to the sensitive mind. We most unhesitatingly then decide that these results formed no part of the original design of our Creator. This portion of his work was also pronounced perfect by *His supreme and unerring* judgment, and of course

intended for the production of good instead of evil. We find no mention of a storm of any kind in the records of sacred history, until the account of that fearful one which occured after the sad change in the condition of man, and which swept the earth of its inhabitants, save the favored family who were preserved by God's peculiar care. It is stated concerning the original arrangement that "There went up a mist from the earth and watered the whole face of the ground." In what way this vapor was produced, we are not prepared to say—but we know that it was sufficient to moisten the soil and render it fertile. We have reason at least to conclude that the "opening of the windows of heaven," was the first falling of rain. And this change in the atmosphere may have been caused by the reversion of the earth's axis which we have already noticed, as producing a change of seasons. It is enough for us to know however, that the heavens as well as earth were primevally free from aught of imperfection. They wafted then no poisonous seeds of disease and death, but were designed to impart vigor and joy with every breath that should be inhaled by man.

"God made
The firmament, expanse of liquid, *pure*,
Transparent elemental air, diffus'd
In circuit to the uttermost convex
Of this great round; partition firm and sure,
And Heaven he nam'd the firmament, so even,
And morning chorus sung the second day."

Our next inquiry will be as to the original state

OF THE ANIMAL CREATION.

ALTHOUGH the earth was formed mainly for the abode of man, it seemed to be the pleasure of the Creator to replenish it also with a variety of inferior sentient existences, which should be capable not only of enjoyment, but of enhancing measurably that of its chief inhabitant. We find therefore in the air, earth, and water, myriads of living creatures of an almost infinite variety. Some of them are still beautiful in the extreme, and are of great benefit to man. While multitudes are exceedingly loathsome in appearance, pernicious even to the destruction of life. The ear is sometimes delighted with pleasant music as from the choral songsters of the grove. But more frequently, discordant, hideous sounds are heard that would seem the ventings of malignity or wrath. Few are subject to man's dominion; they are wild and ferocious, roaming about to devour each other, and causing him who was ordained to be their sovereign, to tremble at their approach.

Who now that has a spark of reverence for the supreme Being can entertain the belief that they were thus constituted by His almighty hand? Even reason affirms a contrary opinion, and the believer in Revelation has a firm basis upon which to ground his *faith with regard to it.* Widely different indeed was *the condition of the* animal creation when brought

into existence by omnipotent energy. "And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven. And God created great whales and every living creature that moveth which the waters brought forth abundantly after their kind, and every winged fowl after his kind—and *God saw that it was good.* And God made the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and every thing that creepeth upon the earth after his kind—And *God saw that it was good.* Gen. 1. 24. 25. Not a blemish therefore marred this part of his wonderful work. Not one of all these living creatures was unlovely in the least degree, but each of every class was beautiful and perfect. All, too, were designed to be under the entire control of man, as we find expressly stated in the account of his creation. "Let him *have dominion* over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth." Each was fitted for the peculiar place designed for it, and was happy in his sphere, not molesting the rights of any other. There were originally therefore *no beasts of prey.* To this it may be objected that many of them are by nature carniverous, and must of necessity feed upon each other; such we acknowledge is their present, but not their primi-

tive nature. The following declaration affirms it :— "To every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life, *I have given every green herb for meat.*"

Will any say that this constitutional change is too wonderful to have been wrought in them ? We point such to those changes that have transpired with regard to the globe itself, or the more important ones relative to man — and inquire if this is not as easily comprehended, and quite as probable as those ? We cannot indeed deny it, without denying facts as well as the plain statements of scripture. There are also prophetic statements to increase our faith upon this point, as the following which relate to the Restitution — "The lion shall eat *straw* like the ox. The wolf also shall *dwell* with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together. They shall not *hurt* nor *destroy* in all my holy mountain." The *restored* is emphatically a description of the *primeval* condition. We have then no reason to doubt but that such was their happy state ere the ruinous blight of sin entered the world.

How exceedingly interesting the contemplation ! How happy must have been the state of man as associated with them.

Every thing around him that had life awakened the

most profound admiration. There was the Bird of Paradise in all its glowing beauty, and every bright-winged bird and insect, adorned with plumage glistening in the well-arranged and varied hues of the rainbow. Their forms and appearances lovely, and their voices clear and harmonious. In pleasant groups they gathered round, and poured forth their joyousness in sweet notes of melody for his entertainment. The noble Lion of the forest couched at his feet and was obedient. The lovely Giraffe and well-formed Antelope sported by his side, and even the fishes of the sea were ready to come at his bidding. Harmony reigned complete throughout every tribe of animated existence, giving glory to Him who had imparted the breath of life so extensively through earth's wide domain.

> "Perched on the Eagle's wing, the bird of song
> Singing, arose and visited the Sun,
> And with the Falcon sat the gentle Lark."

Yea all was peace and concord. But the most important point we are yet to notice is relative to the primeval

STATE OF MAN.

THAT man was the best, the crowning work of Jehovah, we cannot doubt, not only from the fact that we discern in him a vast superiority over all the other works of creation, but from that testimony of the sacred

word which declares explicitly that he was made in the *image and likeness of God Himself.* A miniature as it were of the mighty Deity! Even now, though nearly six thousand years have elapsed since his formation, and he has been continually degenerating, we discover marks of beauty in his organization which awaken most intense admiration, and excite our wonder at the consummate skill of Him who designed and executed so perfect a piece of mechanism from so simple a material as the dust of the ground. But disease and deformity have been transmitted through each successive generation, and have marred his original beauty. How transcendentaly exquisite then must it have been before the existence of these evils!

> "All else was prone, irrational, and mute,
> And unaccountable, by instinct led,
> But *man* he made of angel form erect,
> To hold communion with the heavens above,
> And on his Soul impress'd His image fair."

There was originally nothing in the human frame to induce disease. Every organ, even the most minute, being fitted with perfect adaptation to all the rest, performed its vigorous and healthful action undisturbed by the slightest cause, and though the whole frame might well have been denominated "A harp of thousand strings," it could "keep in tune" without the least interruption. Every thing around him was calculated *to ensure health,* and he was then a stranger to those

artificial habits and modes of living which create disease. The food designed for his nourishment consisted wholly of fruits and vegetables. And his drink was that simple and wholesome one that bubbles up and flows forth so freely from the crystal fountains of earth. It may be said that this is mere assertion, and that we have no proof to bring in its favor. But we claim that in this as well as in previous propositions, we have both reason and Revelation to sustain us.

It has been repeatedly ascertained by the observation and experiments of intelligent and able physiologists, that life is preserved much longer and the human system rendered more free from disease, by an habituation to the simple diet we have mentioned than the varied one which custom has seemed to render necessary. The true nature of man for a season under such experiments is exhibited. But his system during these thousands of years that have transpired has by his very habits been remoulded, and now all things connected with it, instead of tending to life and health are rapidly bringing forth disease and death.

The animal food, the various narcotics, with the poisonous stimulants that at present constitute his daily diet, are all productive of injury, and yet his perverted taste and weakened constitution demand them. Like the inebriate, whose debased powers soon sink without the unnatural stimulus of the inspiring draught. It is *his perverted* nature alone that requires his present diet

And we have also Scripture proof for our position. The case of the Prophet Daniel is given us as evidence of the superior advantages arising from a simple diet. While he, with his companions, purposed not to defile themselves with the King's diet, but lived upon simple pulse, which consisted of coarse grain, beans, peas and the like, in ten days only the result was so marked that it is said of them "Their countenances appeared fairer and fatter in flesh than all the children which did eat of the king's meat or drank of his wine." We have also the express declaration of his Maker with regard to the food which was designed for man. "Behold *I have given you every herb bearing seed which is upon the face of the Earth, and every tree in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed. To you it shall be for meat.* And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and *good for food.*" Not an intimation is given that animals were to be slain, and the first mention we have of such an act, was after the introduction of sin, and was typical of no doubt of the great atoning sacrifice.

But the subsequent permission for the use of animal food may be adduced as an argument against our position. It is, however, of no weight. We are reasoning with regard to the *original design* of the Creator, *and the probability* of man's present condition had he *continued in a state* of innocence, or rather had he

become virtuous by an endurance of the test presented. After his fall, and he had become a depraved, dying being, the course permitted him was very different from the original one. It is in this light we view the permission after the flood—"Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you." Death was the penalty of the law, and this we conceive was a means provided to keep the transgression and penalty continually in view. Primevally, then, *there was no death.* There is something in our very nature that recoils instinctively at the thought of death. There is enjoyment in existence itself—and to know that the current of life will cease, and the form we prize return to its original element, brings gloom to the mind. Man was not *made to die.* Although not *immortal* in his first constitution which would of course have rendered him incapable of dying, the seeds of death were not in him. He was a probationer for immortality, and had he been obedient, would no doubt have eaten of the tree of life from which he was afterwards excluded, and lived forever. It was evidently God's design, who understood full well the value of an existence, to perpetuate that of the being he had constituted in His own image through eternal ages. Such we should decide was the fact from his own infinite benevolence were there no Scripture upon the point.

The *primary employments* of man were quite unlike the most of those that occupy his time at present.

No artificial wants had been created to multiply care and labor. Having dominion over all the animal tribes in air, earth and water; to guide, teach, and train them properly, constituted without doubt, no small share of his duty, and made no trifling demand upon his time and energies. In addition to this, there was the cultivation of those fruits and vegetable productions with which the earth abounded. The pruning of the vine and training of its luxuriant tendrils — dividing and transplanting flowers and shrubs, in all their variety, and other things associated with the delightful and health-promoting employment of agriculture. We are conscious that in the exercise of our faculties, both physical and mental, there is pleasure; and therefore are sure that enough for this was provided originally without that excess which produces fatigue or satiety. The cultivation of the intellect was undoubtedly designed to be one of the highest employments of man. To ascertain facts relative even to the minutia of His works — the laws by which they are governed, and all that is wonderful concerning them, without those obstacles that in our present state intervene, we must believe was his exalted privilege. How far he might have been permitted to soar beyond this world, and to have roamed from planet to planet through the wide universe, is only conjecture. But as the acquisition of knowledge was one of the essential elements of his happiness, *certain it is that* nothing would have been with-

held that was subservient to it. The facilities to this end must also have been greatly augmented by the society which he was permitted to enjoy. The angels, those immortal and exalted intelligences of which we read, were then the frequent guests of man — to hold converse with him and administer all those pure enjoyments that arise from elevated social intercourse. Even in his fallen state, they have had missions to earth as "ministering spirits," but not to tarry and hold intimate communion.

We know that there are also other moral beings of different grades in the universe, as "Principalities and Powers," but how intimate their relations might have been to man, we are not informed. We are assured, however, that the mighty God himself appeared in all his glory, and "face to face" held converse with the finite creatures of His hand. Wonderful as it may appear, they were permitted to enjoy the special presence of that august Being, before whom the angelic hosts veil their faces — whose countenance is as "the Sun shining in its strength."

Such was the condition and circumstances of man, when he came forth perfected from the hand of his Creator, to occupy the habitation that was prepared for him. In the language of the sweet singer of Israel, who spake under divine inspiration — "Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him

to have dominion over the works of thy hands — thou hast put all things under his feet; all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field — the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas. O Lord our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth." Let us then give glory to the Divine Author that His part was *well done.*

We have now contemplated our world *as it was*, before the introduction of those causes which have resulted in its present deranged condition. Scripture, in connection with reason, has unfolded to us these facts, the truthfulness of which cannot reasonably be doubted by any reflecting mind. Let Revelation be set aside — and we make God the author of confusion — of a world full of imperfections, disorder, and misery. To say that all things have existed as they now are for ages back, that they were thus created, and the original design is but being carried out with regard to Earth and its inhabitants; is paramount to charging the first great Cause with folly. Or, what is still worse, representing Him as a malevolent being, taking delight in the misery of those whom his own power has brought into existence! A dreadful thought indeed, and yet Infidelity can do nothing better for us than this. But thanks to the God of truth for that Revelation he has given, in which as a perfect mirror, we can see things clearly. By means of it, we discern *in the Ruler of the* Universe a spotless and all-glorious

character, one who is possessed of wisdom and benevolence combined in the highest sum of their perfection. We find that He was the Author of order, beauty and hapiness.

A world came forth from his creative hand

> "So lovely, so adorned
> So fit a dwelling place for man, that as
> She rose complete at the creating word,
> The Morning Stars, the Sons of God aloud
> Shouted for joy — and God beholding, saw
> The fair design that from Eternity
> His mind conceiv'd, accomplish'd, and well pleas'd
> His six days finish'd work most good pronounced,
> And man declared the sovreign prince of all."

This same lovely world was peopled with beings that were best calculated to enjoy it. Had they been formed merely to be guided and controlled by the will of their Author, their happiness would have been very materially limited. But his benevolence was most clearly manifested in the fact that he bestowed upon them that freedom of will and power of action in the exercise of which He was conscious of a large amount of happiness. He made them like Himself save His own infinity. "His work was" indeed "honorable and glorious, and His righteousness endureth forever." Let us then "praise Him for His mighty acts, and according to His excellent greatness — yea let every thing that hath breath, Praise the Lord."

THE WORLD AS IT IS.

HAVING considered in the preceding pages the primeval condition of our world and its inhabitants, and, as we humbly trust, acquitted the great Author of all of the least imputation relative to its present condition, we are now prepared to contemplate some of the evils prevailing, or the changes that have transpired since it appeared in the glories of its Eden state. It will be our design as before stated to elucidate Scripture by facts, and throw a measure of proof, though it may be small, in favor of its divine authenticity.

All mankind will agree in the assertion that our world is at present in a *discordant state*, giving forth deep and constant tones of mourning and lamentation. But, aside from Scripture statements, the mind is in utter ignorance as to the cause of this, and is left to wander amid the vague mists of uncertainty and conjecture. We find by referring to the revealed word, satisfactory reasons for this reversion of the Creator's wise and beneficent arrangements; and, by contemplating results, are enabled to ascertain the truthfulness of that word.

Let us go back to man as we left him, in all his

glory and dignity, as lord of the inferior creation and sole arbiter of his beautiful and well finished abode. The principal honor conferred upon him, as was stated, was that of the uncontrolled and perfect freedom of his will. He had power to choose even as God himself, between right and wrong, good and evil, and freedom to act in view of his choice. Such being the case, it was but reasonable that both the evil and the good should be submitted to his choice, and thus his character formed. Obedience to the Law-giver and unwavering confidence in His veracity were essential to the harmony of the divine plan, and to the establishment of man in holiness. A simple command was given. It was considered, and through the power of temptation was violated. Thus the first link in the chain which bound this new creation to its Head being broken, disorder followed.

> "Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat
> Sighing through all her works, gave signs of wo
> That all was lost."

The Supreme Ruler of the Universe could not do less than bestow marked disapprobation upon those who had trampled upon His authority, undermining as it were the foundations of the moral universe. His curse consequently rested upon man, and all that appertained to him. It was pronounced in language like the following: "Cursed is the ground for thy sake.

In sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life. Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee and thou shalt eat the herb of the field. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return unto the ground, for out of it wast thou taken, for dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return." Here commenced the ruin of earth and its inhabitants. Polluting streams began to flow as from a poisoned fountain, that have since deluged its entire surface with misery and death. Man had fallen. He had assumed a depraved character, and the presence and fellowship of the Eternal were consequently withdrawn from him. Angels also with other holy intelligences no longer gave him their companionship. His celestial vision was clouded by a dark veil of distrust, and his intellect benumbed, by a consciousness of guilt.

Clouds, deep dark clouds came o'er him, for the Sun,
The Sun of Righteousness had hid his face,
And there was gloom profound.

The effects of this fall and the curse pronounced by Jehovah became clearly visible upon our earth

IN ITS PHYSICAL ASPECT.

THE first marked convulsion of which we have any knowledge is that of the deluge. Iniquity accumulated with astonishing rapidity after its admission into Paradise by our first parents. Each succeeding generation *became* increasingly corrupt, until "The earth

was filled with violence," and was exceedingly odious in the sight of a holy God. He had thoughts of mercy too, towards our sinful world, and to save it from perishing in its own corruption, resolved to purge out its iniquity by a special and overwhelming judgment. It was then that the "fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened." It was a convulsion that shook the entire earth from center to circumference. Every thing connected with our planet experienced a mighty change, the effects of which although thousands of years have elasped, are still visible. Geologists may search with diligence to understand the exactness of its primitive formation, but let them remember it is but the scattered ruins only of a once noble planet. Like the buried fragments of ancient powerful cities that have recently attracted the attention of the scientific explorer, they furnish means for the research of the curious, while much is left to the vagueness of conjecture. The scriptural account of the Deluge with its attendant shock whatever that might have been, is the only satisfactory solution that can be obtained relative to the many singular phenomena connected with the structure of our globe. But whatever is discovered apparently not in accordance with those natural laws that are necessarily productive of harmony, may be reasonably attributed to that eventful period. It was then undoubtedly that the moun-

tains were raised to their lofty elevation the and fear ful chasms formed. A vast body of water precipitated from the clouds, and mingling with that which came up from the great deep, destroyed every living thing from the face of the earth, save those only who were preserved by divine interposition. And though a portion of it was removed at the close of this judgment, a large quantity was permitted to remain, and therefore two-thirds at least of our earth at present is submerged beneath this element. It remains then as a striking manifestation of God's displeasure at sin and his righteous dealings with mankind. It is expressly declared, "The earth hath he given to the children of men." Were it free then from a curse, more of its surface would surely be in an habitable state, and only such a quantity of water provided as would administer to health and comfort.

Since that noted period, the earth has been repeatedly subject to lighter shocks, caused by some internal convulsion, such as the earthquake, which is indeed sudden and fearful, resulting not unfrequently in the demolition of entire cities, and the destruction of mulitudes. Burning mountains, too, have at times poured forth immense quantities of liquid lava, that have borne desolation and death in an overwhelming tide. The elements also have been in a discordant state, and have wrought great devastation upon the earth. *Furious winds*, as the tornado and hurricane have swept

fearfully abroad, and left utter ruin in their wake, while the simoon of the desert, with its burning breath hath laid lifeless upon the scorching sand its unnumbered victims. Strong oaks of the forest have been rent and laid low by the lightning's withering flash, and whole regions of country rendered desolate by the pelting storm.

> 'T would seem as if the madden' d elements
> Contended ever—those above the earth
> With such as are beneath, which should prevail
> In doing deadliest work to man's abode!

And now as we survey this globe on which we dwell, what appearance does it present? Here and there are fertile spots, like the oases in the desert, but they have become so only by the most assiduous and unremitting toil. The husbandman finds on every hand the manifest fulfilment of that sentence—"Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth unto thee"—and hard indeed is his labor to eradicate them. As he "gathers his wheat into his garner," he can say emphatically that it has been gained "in the sweat of his brow." But while some are favored as to soil and climate, multitudes are spending their strength for almost nought. They are toiling in an unhealthy atmosphere, or upon land that scarcely yields them a sustenance. Some drain unwholesome marshes, while others spend much time and energy in clearing away

rubbish from soil, the sterility of which renders cultivation nearly a hopeless task.

There are noxious weeds springing up in abundance in almost every forest, hill, and valley. There are portions of earth's surface that are wholly inaccessible to man, such as mountains covered with perpetual snow—the deep ravine—and the vast desert, where not the smallest spot of verdure meets the eye. Look, too, at the frozen regions of the north — at the burning zone of the south — at the extensive accumulation of rocks that cover much territory, and mark how little remains upon the wide earth of beauty and fertility! How unlike that exquisite and fruitful domain that came from the hand of the Creator "in the beginning."

He made the earth surpassing fair,
And fit for man's abode;
His eye survey'd it every where,
And call'd it "very good."

But he who had dominion fell
From his exalted state,
He sinn' d—wo came, and death and hell,
The ruin—O how great!

The thorn sprang up and noxious weed,
Tempest and earthquake too
Made fearful work, and all indeed
Was desolate to view.

The effects of this guilt and curse were strikingly *visible also*—

UPON THE ANIMAL CREATION.

In taking a survey of the living creatures that inhabit air, earth, and sea, a world as it were of existences, we find much to excite our wonder not only, but to awaken intense admiration. There is beauty, variety, and harmony of arrangement which it is delightful to contemplate. Many of them are endowed with capacities that bear a striking resemblance at least to those possessed by man. They have the exercise of reason, memory, and choice, and are capable of acute discernment. Who can doubt that they were designed originally to be the recipients of pleasure as well as to administer greatly to the happiness of man? But while there is much remaining of their beauty and utility to awaken joy in beholding them, there is also sorrow at the extreme misery that is manifested among them. They have seemed to inhale the evil passions breathed forth by man, and exhibit the same unhappy state. Instead of that quiet submission and fear which we would naturally expect as due to their sovereign, they appear to regard him as their greatest enemy; either shrinking instinctively at his approach, or aiming at his immediate destruction. They have fled from him in the wildness of their terror, and made their abodes in the thickness of the forest, in caves, or any where to be secure from his presence. Man, in his turn, also fears and

trembles when in presence of the untamed and ferocious animal. What sound so fearful to the traveller as the dismal howling of the wolf, growling of the tiger, or roaring of the lion? And as he beholds these objects of terror, no wonder that his heart should quake within him, and despair seize his quivering frame. The flashing eye reveals that utter madness which is so deep wrought and inveterate, nought can satisfy save the life-blood of its victim. How many have been cruelly mangled within the grasp of these infuriated beasts, the sad annals of earth alone can reveal.

But this is not all. There is the poisonous viper that crawls beneath our feet—the annoying insect—the crocodile and shark, those monsters of the deep, in whose jaws is death of the foulest kind. And how many of all classes of animals are loathsome in appearance—the very dread and curse of man! What selfishness and malignity are manifested among them. Seldom do we behold harmony among different tribes, but rather a continual warfare; each devouring the other as power predominates. And even those of the same species seem frequently to reap their highest satisfaction in annoying their fellows. Undeniably an evil spirit pervades every sphere of animated existence, which must have emanated from that arch-fiend whose subtilty brought ruin to our own world.

There is a vast amount of suffering experienced by *all these inferior* orders of earth's inhabitants. Many

of them, it is true, have voices tuned to the sweetest melody—yet how frequently do tones of sadness fall upon the ear! Those that are brought under the dominion of man, generally receive most cruel treatment at his hands. Their energies are taxed to the utmost in the performance of the severest labor, and often, too, without sufficient sustenance. Not unfrequently are they shamefully beaten, merely to vent the unhallowed passions of their masters. Thus receiving continued injury and insult, they toil out a life of intense suffering, which cannot be expressed save by looks of keen reproach. Aside from these evils, they are subject to pain, disease, and death; and are at all times liable to be slain. Now who does not see that the happiness of these inferior creatures is entirely overbalanced by their misery? Truly the "whole creation groaneth," giving clear manifestation that our world is in a ruined state, with the curse of God upon it.

But, more particularly still do we discover this fact in the condition and circumstances

OF MAN HIMSELF.

THERE is an expressive assertion chronicled in the book of inspiration, as given by the oldest of its writers, which we think will be an apt introduction to this part of our subject—*Man that is born of woman, is of few days and full of trouble.* Let us see, if by

an impartial survey of his condition, we can prove its truthfulness. By referring to the annals of the past, what do we find but the continued rise and fall of nations — a succession of generations coming upon the stage of life, acting for a short period, and then passing away into the land of darkness and forgetfulness. Millions have existed, as full of life and hope as the generation now inhabiting earth; but they are gone— while few, very few even of their names are left in remembrance. There are spots of earth to be found wherever men are congregated, covered with mounds and monuments, that tell of those who are sleeping beneath its surface. And what is the meaning of this? We have an answer. "In the day that thou eatest thereof," says the Divine penalty to our first parents, "dying thou shalt die." After the first act of disobedience, the seeds of disease and death were introduced into the human system, which have been transmitted to every successive generation. Mortality has spread its dismal pall over the entire earth, and no living being save two favored ones whose names are upon Divine record, has been able to escape from it. This evil has been making increasing inroads upon the duration of man's existence. The antediluvians could count to their names even hundreds of years. In the days of the inspired Psalmist of Israel, the average age of man was but threescore years and ten–while at the present *day, it is less than* half that number. There has been

a continual degeneration also in the size and strength of the human family. We read of the giants of ancient times—of the Emims and Anakims—races that were exceedingly "tall and strong," and terrifying to those of inferior size. But the majority of mankind now existing are of a diminutive stature and comparatively feeble. This is especially the case with regard to those inhabiting some peculiar climates. The life of man in this mortal sublunary state may well be denominated the "valley of the shadow of death." And how is this brief existence commenced? With the very first breath comes the piercing cry of distress. In the weakness and helplessness of infancy, (and what creature *so helpless!*) he gives utterance to the language of the inspired penman—"*full of trouble.*" Among all classes, and in every condition, the same fact is discoverable. And from the commencement of his existence to its close, to what a multitude of diseases is he subject! Some of them are only annoying, while many are distressing and dangerous. The form and features are not unfrequently defaced by them, and rendered pitiable in the extreme. And even without the intervention of special disease, the system oppressed with mortality, wears gradually away, and loses at length all its vigor and beauty.

"There's not a year but pilfers, as it goes,
Some youthful grace which age would gladly keep."

The greater proportion of mankind die in early infancy. But, although a few breast the rough storms of life, and attain that period which is called a good old age, what is after all their gain? Their comeliness has departed—the friends of their youth are gone, or changed like themselves, and nothing remains for them but languor and pain—loneliness and depression—wearisome days and nights, with the constant hope of repose in the dreary grave. There are exceptions, it is true, to this condition among the aged, yet such is the general fact.

There is much suffering experienced among mankind on account of deformities, and the almost unnumbered physical imperfections to which he is subject. Multitudes live without ever enjoying the faculties of hearing or speech. Others have never opened their eyes to the light, but are compelled to grope their way wholly through darkness and solitude, deprived of all those pleasures that are dependent upon sight. Thousands also are maimed in different ways, often so as to be entirely helpless. And, on every hand deformities are visible, that exceedingly mar the beauty of the human face and form, so much so at times, as to render its appearance even revolting. Add to these, the long catalogue of those who are bereft of reason, and who suffer many of them untold misery—those also who are born in a state of idiocy, *enjoying less* even than the brute creation—and yet,

these all in the aggregate, constitute but a small portion of the physical woes that are in existence. There is suffering occasioned by hunger and thirst, cold and heat—by the dense crowd of the city, and the extreme solitariness of the country. Cries of sorrow and moaning are ascending on every breeze, bearing witness indeed to the truth that man is "full of trouble."

But when we take into account the more terrible *moral* evils with which earth is groaning, we find this truth still more fully exemplified ; and almost wonder that the existence of mankind does not terminate in the midst of so much that is withering. With the first dawn of moral action, the developments of sin are visible. The child exhibits evil passions and propensities, that are productive only of mischief and sorrow ; and with every successive year new features of corruption are manifested. A spirit of supreme selfishness seems to characterize the whole human family, and this being contrary to that harmonious law of benevolence, which, emanating from Jehovah, should govern the entire universe, anarchy and discord inevitably follow, with all their resultant train of evils. Contentions of some kind mar the peace of almost every association, however small it may be. Even the family, that most sacred of all circles, because bound together by the strong ties of nature, gives sad proof of this derangement. We think it may be safely

asserted, that but few families can be found where all is peace and harmony. Quite often do we find that scripture fulfilled—"The mother rising up against her daughter, and the daughter against her mother," and a man's greatest foes are not unfrequently "those of his own household." And then, if we cast our eye abroad into society, where no such ties exist, what do we discover? Emulation and strife among all sects and parties. Each individual struggling to gain the ascendancy over his fellow—self-interest and self-elevation being the only aim. What jealousies and hatred—envying and back-biting—revenge and cruelties! How the brain is racked for thoughts to annoy, and the vocabulary for words to utter them! The laborer, the merchant, the politician and the scholar—all classes indeed, and those in every department, with but few exceptions, exhibit the same spirit, and pursue similar means to the accomplishment of similar ends. It is heart-sickening to witness the varied inventions of man for self-aggrandizement, to the injury of his fellow mortals. And yet, even these are so covered with duplicity one would almost imagine them the workings of benevolence, and truly worthy of applause. Thus completely has the arch-enemy engrafted his subtlity into the human heart. Wealth and honor are the grand points of attainment among the mass, and in the pursuit of these what eagerness is exhibited! Every scheme that finite in-

genuity can invent, is put into execution to facilitate their progress; and whatever retards, is removed with utter alacrity, although it may be the interests, even to life itself, of other beings. What multitudes have been thus sacrificed! Trace the course of those who have been denominated earth's proudest conquerors—Alexander, Napoleon, the Cæsars, and a host of others. Mark how they have waded through the heart's blood of even millions to attain the height of their glory! Nation, too, has arisen against nation, and in their eager thirst for victory have trampled each other down with relentless fury. How many battle-fields covered with the slain give proof in the annals of the past and also of the present, that there is discord between man and man, and that earth is groaning under the curse. It has been estimated that not less than 14,000,000,000 of human beings have perished upon the altar of war since the creation of the world. The revolutions of empires have left a dark stain upon earth's history, that will never be realized in its fullest import, until that Day when all things respecting this great drama shall be brought to light.

Oppression is another prominent evil afflicting mankind, the extent of which can hardly be estimated with our present knowledge and capacities. The fact that man having the power lords it over his weaker fellow, depriving him of his God-endowed rights and crushing

him even to the earth; although passing strange and inconsistent, is too well known to admit of the slightest dispute. It is common — it is universal. The serfs of Russia are a proof of it. The poor down-trodden laborers of England also, and other portions of Europe, whose lives are made wretched in the extreme by unremitting toil and the need even of minor comforts — that the nobleman may revel in his luxury, and pursue his path of inglorious ease. And still more clearly do we see it exhibited in the most abominable and disgraceful system of chattel slavery. That man should not only oppress his fellow when in power but *buy* and *sell* him, reducing him to the most abject servitude, depriving him of all those rights that result from his free moral agency — effacing the very seal stamped upon him by high Heaven, is scarcely credible; and yet, such is the fact! How utterly opposed to the noble and benevolent design of the Creator!

"The winds
And rolling waves — The sun's unwearied course,
The elements and seasons, all declare
For what the eternal Maker has ordain'd
The powers of man. We feel within ourselves
His energy divine. He tells the heart
He meant. He made us to behold and love
What He beholds and loves — the general orb
Of life and being — to be great like Him,
Beneficent and active."

But, alas! man has perverted these noble ends, and

instead of a beneficent being, has become a fierce and execrable tyrant. We shall not enter into details respecting this enormous sin. It would require volumes to unfold the minutiæ of the outrages committed, and heart-rending woes endured under its prevalence. Suffice it to say, that earth is groaning and sending upon every breeze its piteous lamentations; bearing witness that this is the deepest and blackest evil that has ever been instigated by the enemy of God and man. Look at one portion of our race, who for the crime of having a skin of sable hue, are inured to toil like the very beast, without scarcely inhaling the free air of heaven as their own, and thus groaning out their days of miserable bondage. See the stripes, and blood, and tears — the cruel sunderings of nearest and dearest ties — and what is still worse, the shutting out of all light from the mind, leaving it to grope its way in the most profound darkness and ignorance, relative to this life, and more especially to the state beyond. Mark these abominations, and the millions in our land that now bear witness to them, and say if it does not seem that earth is the abode of demons vile and abominable. Take also the evils of intemperance, and licentiousness, that have deluged our world with such an aggravated amount of woes and wrongs. The desolated homes, and anguished hearts,—a tithe of which we would not attempt to enumerate. Poverty and wretchedness in almost every shape and form, too pitiable to be ex-

pressod in language. Witness the aggregate of miseries endured in our larger towns and cities, that which is attendant upon luxury on the one hand, and penury on the other. Some, through favorable circumstances, having attained more than a sufficiency for life's comforts and conveniences; by extravagance, and dissipation, are squandering that of which the poor stand in need, to be saved from actual starvation. How forbidding those dark cellars, and almost inaccessible garrets, where so many are crowded nearly to suffocation. Disease is engendered by the very filth of their dwellings, and the impure air they are compelled to breathe, until sickness adds another to the long catalogue of miseries they endure. And mark how unnatural this inequality in the possession of life's enjoyments. There is an abundance of unoccupied soil to be found upon all parts of earth's surface, and if rightly divided, every member of the human family could be provided for with a comfortable home, and all the necessaries of life. But, instead of this, one individual amasses millions to be used merely for his own aggrandizement, or to be simply counted and recounted, while another is panting for the smallest pittance, to satisfy the cravings of hunger. Here is the possessor of houses and lands, enough to provide a thousand comfortable homes, while there are the miserable thousands who can scarcely breathe for *want of room.*

In addition to all this, contemplate the crimes that are perpetrated continually, in all parts of our world. How the daily press abounds with them ! There are thefts, burglaries, forgeries, suicides, and murders, of all description ; the recital of which is enough to cause the very blood to chill in our veins. Not a day, or an hour passes, but bears the transcript of some foul deed that has been committed upon earth. The house of refuge — penitentiary — the gallows, multitudes of them, are so many testimonials to the truths we have uttered. Man lives in fear of his fellow man. He bolts and bars his dwelling against him, and carries weapons of defence. Who can doubt that anarchy, confusion, and every evil work are abroad, fruits of the base spirit that has ever ruled over the hearts of men, and rendered them so unlike that perfect work brought forth by the Creator's hand. Well may we exclaim — "How art thou fallen," thou noblest workmanship of the Eternal ! And wherefore reigns this dark spirit in man ? In the pages of Divine inspiration we are informed that Satan, who is also that old deceiver, is "god of this world." He who found entrance into the delightful abode of our first parents, and seduced them to sin, hath assumed the entire sovereignty of earth, not as the rightful sovereign, but by consent of the subjects, and his own infinite arrogance, maintains the throne. It was his ambition to rule that induced his own fall

from the exalted sphere of an angel of light, to one of darkness. Unwilling to move in the orbit assigned him, he has become a "wandering star, reserved unto blackness of darkness for ever." His spirit and principles, like poisonous seed, have been scattered through the earth, and brought forth the fruits of rebellion, misery, and death.

It may be objected to the view we have presented that it forms *too dark a picture;* and the question proposed — where are the scenes of beauty that adorn our earth, with all the improvements that have been made in the arts and sciences? We say in reply, that we would cheerfully recognize them all. Were there no lights amid these dense shadows, no redeeming points in the panorama we are contemplating, well might we fear lest all were soon blotted from existence—swept out of the universe, as accursed of God! But here and there are vestiges of original fitness and beauty. Those delightful spots that glow into life as it were, under man's assiduous care, are so many marks of our Creator's noble design respecting our planet. They are glimpses of that Paradisiacal state, which carried joy amid the ranks of glorified intelligences, and by the great Author himself, was pronounced complete. Thanks indeed, for an occasional oasis amid the wilderness! There have been also, as we freely acknowledge, great and rapid improvements in the *arts and sciences:* and these have tended to the con-

venience and prosperity of man. Wonderful things have been achieved among the enlightened portions of our world, in almost every department of life. But while we acknowledge this fact, we cannot withhold another which is equally prominent — That sin and its attendant evils have accumulated in the same ratio. The improvements of which we speak, although on one hand benefiting man, on the other have generally ministered to guilt. Who does not see that luxury, idleness, and a host of other abominations grow out of those very facilities which have been given to thought and action, during especially the last half century? And yet, we would not disparage these things. They serve to show the exalted nature of man — those capacities bestowed on him, which, when properly circumstanced and applied, are capable of producing beneficial results to an almost indefinite progression. We see indeed that the nature of man is Godlike; and so much the more lamentable is his tendency to guilt and ruin.

In taking a general survey, then, we feel satisfied in making the assertion — That the evil of earth predominates over the good — and that the dark picture we have drawn of our world *as it is*, is but too true; with here and there a bright ray only to relieve its gloom. This is demonstrated also from the fact, that all in the present state are conscious of evil, and are dissatisfied with their condition. There is a constant

restlessness abroad. Each is hurriedly following some pursuit that he imagines will improve his condition, and ensure happiness. And, although there are some who have apparently gained the wished-for treasure — could we see the hidden recesses of the heart, we should discover that there was something still wanting. In the truthful and emphatic words of the poet —

If every one's internal care
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share,
Who raise our envy now;
The fatal secret when revealed
Of every aching breast,
Would prove that only when conceal'd
Our lot appears the best.

Not unfrequently, too, when one is beginning to triumph in present enjoyment, Death, that unwelcome messenger, approaches, and dashes the cherished cup from his hand. There is nothing, then, in the present state to satisfy the ardent aspirations of man, for in the language of one of old — *all is vanity.*

But, although dark the scene that is presented, the clouds around us are gilded by the bright bow of promise. Sad and sick at heart in the contemplation of that *which is*, we turn with joyful hope, inspired with gratitude to Him who hath drawn them with unwavering hand, to visions of the future.

THE WORLD AS IT WILL BE.

In approaching this part of our subject, we are deeply impressed with a sense of the vast magnitude of the field before us, and the incapacity of finite mortals to explore and present distinctly that which is revealed. The future — who hath penetrated it, save He who can see the end from the beginning — to whose searching gaze indeed the past, present and future are all as one, perceived at one glance, even in their fullest extent? Visions of that which is to come have been granted to some of earth's frail inhabitants— and these are recorded for the benefit of all mankind. Yet we are confident of treading upon hallowed ground and come with cautious step; for what aside from *faith* will receive the divine records of futurity? We are creatures of sense, and it is a hard matter to awaken confidence by the simple presentation of evidence concerning "things which are not seen." The human mind has been turned away by the great Deceiver from that trust in its Author and His revelations that should ever characterize it. And now, verily, is it "slow to believe" even the testimony of Him who "cannot lie." Yet there is a general expectation concerning the future

among all classes. The present state of things being extremely imperfect, a universal dissatisfaction prevails; and an expectation of something better. "Man spends his days," as has been remarked, "in mourning over the past, complaining of the present, and anticipating the future." A "good time coming" is continually before his mind. His very nature cries out for it, and a spontaneous hope as it were, springs up within his breast. Each class predict the dawn of the expected era in their own peculiar way, imagining that when the favorite scheme they are pursuing is carried out, or perfected, the world will be redeemed from sin and misery, or in other words regenerated.

The Politician supposes it will take place under the administration of a particular form of human government; and argues of course, zealously, in favor of that to which he is attached, and has devoted his thoughts and energies. The Educationist concludes that what is necessary for the perfection of earth's inhabitants, is to secure for them additional facilities for the acquisition of knowledge, and the development of the intellect. He feels certain that when his system of education is thoroughly matured, and universally adopted, the world will be redeemed. Then come Philanthropists of various orders, each pursuing his peculiar sphere of benevolence, heartily sanguine that it will result in the establishment of a reign of peace on earth. While during all ages there have arisen communists, who have

vainly imagined that by a commonality of interest carried out in every department of life, this change was to be effected.

Thus thinking minds have ever seemed to be directed to the same great end — a period of change in the earth and its inhabitants. Although widely different may be their ideas concerning the means by which it is accomplished.

But multifarious as these are, no solid hope exists, save that which is based upon the "sure word of prophecy" as contained in the Bible. This alone is a true *chart of the future*, and, if diligently consulted, fails not to give clear and correct knowledge of that which is to come. It is indeed as a "light shining in a dark place," and the only source of light for benighted, fallen man.

We shall therefore still adhere to Scripture testimony and upon the subject now under consideration notice some things that are plainly revealed respecting our earth. The first that claims attention is the fact that

IT WAS NOT MADE IN VAIN.

We have alluded in the former part of our work to the design of the Creator in bringing to perfection out of chaos this beautiful planet. He intended it as the happy abode of a noble and intelligent race of beings, who should be the recipients of his favor, and associates with exalted intelligences, those "Hosts" of whom their

Maker is their "Lord." Other beings may inhabit other worlds; but it is stated expressly that "The earth hath he given to the children of men." Ps. 115:16. And can we suppose that "He who is mighty" will be thwarted in his purpose? True, Satan has assailed its inhabitants and caused their fall. And this malevolent power has exerted all his energies with native and acquired arts to people the earth with beings like himself, over whom he hoped to maintain eternal sovereignty. But he will not be suffered to triumph eventually. O no. The great God will exhibit to the universe the entire earth filled with joyful and holy inhabitants, who will unite in the harmonious praise that echoes and re-echoes from so many happy spheres, to the glory of Him who formed them. It is to be redeemed from the usurper and placed under the dominion of its rightful lord; according to the language of the inspired penman — Ps. 8:4–8. Who can believe for one moment that the Creator would so change his original design concerning this planet, as to dash it out of existence? Or, were there no revelation — who would be willing to have such a conception of His character as to suppose He would permit our world in its present wretched condition to continue on for interminable ages, thus dooming untold millions to utter misery! Thanks to His blessed name for those revealed purposes of love and mercy that are in store for us.

The thirty-seventh Psalm gives us a clear and ex-

plicit prophetic description concerning the earth and its inhabitants, which no unprejudiced mind can gainsay or resist. Numerous other texts of similar import, if we admit the literal interpretation, which is most truly the only consistent and rational one, instruct us plainly — That *earth is yet to be the abode of man when in a redeemed, holy and happy state.* Preparatory changes are of course to transpire, of which we are informed. We have indubitable evidence to believe that it will be

THE FUTURE ABODE OF THE SAINTS.

THERE is a time predicted in Scripture when not a wicked being will be found upon this sphere, but the righteous shall inherit it. Abraham was "heir of the world" through faith, and those who are of faith are "blessed with faithful Abraham." We find such declarations as the following:—*As I live, saith the Lord, the whole earth shall be filled with my glory. The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea. And every creature in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power be to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb forever and ever.*

John the Revelator beheld in vision "a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and

kindred, and people, and tongues," inhabiting the earth. The tabernacle of God was with them, and the Holy One dwelling among them. These predictions, we know, have never as yet been fulfilled, and are therefore in reserve for future accomplishment. They are based upon the life even of Jehovah Himself; a pledge than which no stronger or surer could have been given. There is something tangible concerning this idea of man's future abode. All real beings need a place of residence. Terrestrial and celestial bodies differing from each other in capacity and glory, even as "one star differeth from another," have their appropriate localities, as the Lord hath appointed. And what place more fitting or desirable for man than this very earth. Who has not felt, even in his childhood, that were the evils of the present state removed, he would not wish a better abode? Enter one of Nature's most delightful retreats — where fruits and flowers abound in rich luxuriance. The clear stream sparkling in the sunbeams, and the over-hanging foliage yielding its grateful shade. Go forth upon a lovely spring morning, when the vegetable creation has been resurrected to life and beauty. Birds are sending forth their sweetest melody, and the choice fragrance of delicious blossoms is borne upon every breeze — earth's verdant carpet is beneath your feet, and the sky above of the clearest azure — and can you avoid the exclamation —

Ah, this is fitting place for man's abode,
And here would I forever rest content!

Remove, then, all that is evil — sin and its dismal results — let *immortality* be stamped upon his being, and what more blessed state could man desire for his future destiny? We do not conceive that he is to be chained down to earth as at present, for it is written, "He shall mount up with wings as eagles." Angels are endowed with facilities for passing from heaven to earth, and we think it reasonable to suppose that immortal saints will also be privileged to visit other worlds. Yet earth will be his appropriate and eternal home. Preparatory however to this condition, it is to be

RESTORED TO ITS PRIMEVAL BEAUTY.

Behold, I make all things new. — Rev. xxi: 5. Such is the declaration of Jehovah by the mouth of one of His holy Prophets — *All things new*, with reference to the dwelling place of man, for it was that of which he had been previously speaking. And were it not for an assurance like this, dreary indeed would be the condition of earth's inhabitants; those especially who have "come out from among" the corruptions and foolish vanities of the giddy throng. They are "pilgrims and strangers," having no fellowship with those who claim their citizenship to be of this world — and therefore, without such a hope, they would be "of all men the most miserable." The Regeneration, or new creation, is a prominent subject of Prophecy throughout the Scriptures. No one who examines the *numerous* texts in relation to it, can fail to perceive

meaning and force in them all. Behold, I create new heavens and a new earth, saith the Lord, and the former shall not be remembered nor come into mind. Isa. 65:22. In this new creation there is evidently implied an entire removal of the *curse* and all its consequences. We have indeed the express announcement that *There shall be no more curse*—Rev. xx.2,3. Contemplate for a moment the striking contrast between the two classes of predictions concerning the curse and its removal. It was said of the former — *Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth unto thee.* Of the latter — *Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree. The wilderness shall be glad — the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.* Sickness, sorrow, pain and death are involved in the curse. In its removal — *Sorrow and sighing shall flee away. And God Himself shall wipe away tears from all faces. And the inhabitant shall no more say, I am sick. And there shall be no more death.* Thus we have the exact dissimilitude of these two conditions clearly revealed. The one has been and is already being accomplished, the other remains within the folds of futurity.

All things are to be new. The field and the grove — the hill-top and vale — the fountain and stream — all to be regenerated in the important era *that is approaching. And there shall be no more sea.*

Those mighty oceans that render so large a portion of our globe uninhabitable will be no more. But in their stead, streams and fountains of pure water, sufficient to gladden and fertilize the soil, and to cheer the heart of man. The atmosphere, or as it is termed, the heavens, is also to be made new. All its impurities are to be removed, the scorching heat and piercing cold; none but healthful and refreshing breezes will be wafted around that pure abode,

"No pois'nous breath shall reach that shore."

All will be purity and joy. There is also to be a great increase of light, for the light of the Moon is to be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun *seven fold* as the light of seven days—Isa. 30:26. This will undoubtedly arise in a great measure from the pure state of the atmosphere, that medium through which light is reflected. How transcendently brilliant then the appearance of earth with all its new visions of loveliness! The mind can scarcely conceive of the glories that are to be manifested in that blissful new creation.

But it may be asked, is the present globe to be blotted out of existence, and thus give place to the one which will be created? We answer, no. The "heavens and earth which are now are reserved unto fire," it is true, yet not to be destroyed. In the second epistle of Peter we have this fact stated:— The elements shall melt with fervent heat, *the earth also* (shall melt) *and the works that are therein* shall be burned up

What then are we to understand by such language? Plainly this — that the globe itself is to be melted by fire, and thus resolved into its original element — a chaotic mass of fluid. Then it can be remoulded by the same mighty Architect who planned and executed all things in existence, and come forth from his plastic hand arrayed in even more than primeval beauty. To illustrate — Suppose a founder of metallic imagery or mechanism of any kind, upon finding one piece that proved unsatisfactory, should submit it to the crucible, and after reducing it to its original molten condition, should remould it into a more perfect form. We should not call that destruction, most surely. And such we humbly conceive to be the fact relative to our earth. A *new earth* will it indeed be — built upon the ruins of the present. All that language can paint with regard to it would fall far short of the reality. Every thing that can conduce to happiness will be there. It will be radiant with life and beauty. Again will the Creator upon beholding it in its completeness and glory pronounce it "*very good*," and the angelic host "shout for joy."

To faith's pure eye, its hills and vales
In beauteous robes appear;
Its gushing rills all luminous,
Its silent waters clear —
And verdant groves and blossoms fair
Within the vista rise.
With cool retreat and flowery walk,
And bowers of Paradise.

O who would not long for the appearing of that delightful transformation — and the redemption of our groaning earth! The Lord hasten it in his time!

But let us contemplate the manner in which such a work is achieved. And this brings before us the great and glorious

PLAN OF REDEMPTION.

None but He who is *perfect in wisdom*, could have conceived a design to rescue man, when once fallen, and restore him again to divine favor — yea, more — confer upon him accumulated and greatly exalted blessedness. And infinite wisdom alone devised, and is executing *such a plan*. It was announced in the garden of Eden, immediately after the fall; and the main scope of all prophetic teaching, is to bring out this grand scheme — *our world's redemption*. This is the crowning gem of the scripture coronet — the polar star of prophecy. It is the central orb of the gospel system, around which cluster all the rest, and from which radiate those sacred beams that serve as the light and guide of man through this dreary wilderness of probation. Angels sing of its glories, and ransomed saints will swell the song with grateful allelulias, through the countless ages of futurity. And "Let every thing that hath breath praise" Jehovah of hosts for this inestimable, all-glorious design.

A Redeemer, to make atonement, was necessary to

the accomplishment of this plan — and no being inferior to the *Son of God* was adequate to fill so important a sphere. He was therefore given by the Father, and was yet a voluntary sacrifice. There were three distinct offices which he was appointed to fill. First as Prophet — to teach man, who had excluded from himself all sources of spiritual knowledge, to restore to him that confidence in his Creator, which had been destroyed by the Deceiver, and show to him the only way of salvation. A High Priest to offer sacrifice, and make atonement for sin — and a King, to rule in righteousness, putting down all usurped authority and dominion. The *first* of these has been accomplished. In perfect accordance with each and every prophecy respecting him, he came, lived a noble example of virtue in the midst of all that was polluting, and soul-harrowing in the extreme, went about doing good to all within his power — endured the varied trials incident to frail human nature, and the more powerful conflicts with our great Adversary, who invented all his malice to defeat if possible this plan of mercy, and still maintain his own supremacy — and at last "humbled himself even unto death"— an ignominious death, that he might exhibit the power of God to raise again to life. By this power he was quickened, rose from the grave, and was made immortal; thus opening a way for the *reception* of the same blessing by all who would exer-

cise faith through him, in the same almighty power. More than eighteen hundred years have elapsed since the occurrence of these memorable events, and indisputable record is left concerning them. They have been made known through every age, and many have believed to the "saving of the soul." The prophecies respecting the first advent have now become matters of history, and serve to increase our faith in that which is to come. The *second* part of the great work to which we have alluded, is now in progress. He has made the sacrificial offering even of his own blood, has ascended into the heavens, and entered within the vail to perform the service of High Priest — to make atonement for his people. The Old Testament scriptures all point to this one great offering. All the types and ceremonies are significant of it, while sacred history is mainly a relation concerning the preservation of that lineage through whom the Anointed descended. We find, then, that this wonderful plan of redemption has been in operation ever since the fall of our first parents. The *third* and crowning part of it, remains yet to be accomplished — the *coming forth of the great High Priest* to *bless the people* — or in other words, the *coming of earth's Redeemer* to be *King supreme* — thus elevating man to the climax of blessedness prepared for him.

So explicit are the predictions of scripture upon this point, that it would seem there could not be the

shadow of a doubt upon the minds of any, who desire to know the truth — a doubt as to the certainty of Christ's second literal appearing. Nothing, surely, but willing skepticism could mystify, and render uncertain so plain a portion of the prophetic word. Many ideas have been substituted in place of the true and expressed signification of the word with regard to it, and multitudes have been thereby deceived. But if we adopt the rational course of receiving the expressions literally, according to the natural use of language, we cannot fail to decide, that, as the Messiah has *once* appeared, so he is again to be a visitant to earth, and the inhabitants are to behold the self-same divine countenance. While he sojourned here, he frequently gave intimation to his disciples during those delightful social interviews held with them, that although he was to go away for a season, he should "come again," and take up his abode with them. In addition to this, what more positive assurance could be obtained than that which was given by the two heavenly messengers who appeared after the ascension, while the wondering disciples stood "gazing up into heaven." *This same Jesus, who is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come, in like manner, as ye have seen him go into heaven.* Acts. 1. 11. Were there no other testimony than this, it would seem sufficient to convince any candid mind, with regard to the certainty and literality of that great event. The *same Jesus*

who was crucified, and rose from the dead ; who tarried forty days upon earth, that he might bear full evidence to his disciples, that he was "risen indeed."— The *same* Jesus, with whom they had just been conversing about the glorious kingdom, and whom they had seen ascending in the clouds far away "out of their sight" was to *come again* "in like manner." This is plain language, and assurance positive. What could be more clear and definite ? *Two* advents, and *only* two are predicted. But the prophecies are so interwoven with regard to them, that the primitive disciples were continually looking for the crowning glory. This prompted the inquiry, "Wilt thou not at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel ?" Acts. 1 : 6. The circumstances in connexion with the *first*, however, are now so clearly in the past, there remains but little obscurity with those that relate to the *second*, the one yet to transpire. Who can doubt that the first advent was personal ? So then, to those who look for him, will he appear the *second* time, without a sin-offering, to salvation. Heb. ix. 28. Yes, Jesus the Son of God will again appear — not as

> ' The man of Calvary,
> Not crown'd with thorns to-day, '
> Not mocked and led away,
> *But crowned with everlasting glory now !*"

Well may the heart of the weary, way-worn pilgrim rejoice in hope of the fulfilment of such a promise.

Well indeed, may he "lift up his heart with joy, as his redemption draweth nigh." Who is not cheered and animated with the thought of meeting a loved absent friend, from whom he has long been separated? And shall not the lovers of Jesus rejoice in the prospect of meeting him, and conversing face to face, even upon this terrestrial sphere? Truly, with the beloved disciple will they respond to the testimonials concerning his coming— "Amen, even so come, Lord Jesus." This second coming is to be "in the glory of his Father with all his holy angels." Behold, a "King shall rule in righteousness." *A name is to be given him that is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow.* He is to take the dominion of earth as the second Adam, and thus elevate man to the possession of his original inheritance. He is to reign until he hath put all things under his feet, and the last enemy to be destroyed is Death. How important an era, then, is the second advent of the Messiah! How august, and resplendent beyond all conception his appearing! Earthly potentates may gain great honors, and come before their subjects with pomp and splendor of appearance. But the King of kings will come with majesty and glory as far surpassing theirs, as the mid-day sun outshines the smallest star of the firmament. His will be a glory that is unearthly — even the same that surrounds the throne *of his* Father, radiating from thence and reflected

from the forms of all those celestial "hosts" that "do his will, hearkening unto the voice of his word." Faint glimpses of it only have been revealed at times to mortal man, and he has withered, as it were, beneath its brightness. Thus upon the mount of transfiguration, where was a representation of the glorious appearing of Jesus with the redeemed in his kingdom, the frail earthly disciples "fell upon their faces, and were sore afraid." Moses, too, and Isaiah, and Daniel — all who have beheld but a gleam of that glory, have been prostrated by it. So far is it beyond the brightest visions that ever glow on earth. A retinue of angels — those holy, joyful messengers, clothed in the same effulgence, will attend him at his coming. The blissful period of which they sang at his first appearing, when he lay an infant in the manger, will have arrived ; and truly will they be most active in its celebration. *They* have been ever interested in the great work of the world's redemption, and have been employed as special agents in its accomplishment. In this manner will the Redeemer come again to finish out this most wonderful plan. When fully perfected, and the earth is filled with joyous and holy inhabitants, then will ascend from every hill-top and vale that song of the "great multitude which no man can number"—"Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever!" And not one dis-

cordant note will mar the melody of that triumphant song.

THE APPROACHING AGE.

Nearly all classes of religionists, as we have already intimated, are anticipating the dawn of a happy period to earth, when iniquity shall be done away, and righteousness universally prevail. Yet varied indeed, are their views respecting it. Numbers who reject the literal interpretation of scripture, look for a gradual renovation with the means now in progress. The conversion of all nations is to take place, as they imagine, under the present course of preaching the gospel; and then will arrive the happy period when Christ will reign spiritually, that is, his religion will be acknowledged by all mankind. Now could we find this predicted in the Bible, most assuredly would we believe it, notwithstanding the exceedingly discouraging aspect of things at present. But, denying the mystical or spiritual interpretation of the word, which must be done in all cases, except where there is direct evidence for it, in order to get at the correct foundation of any thing revealed, no such prediction appears. The entire conversion of the world, consequent upon the means now in use, by those who are denominated evangelical Christians, *is no where taught upon the pages of inspiration.* The gospel has been preached for more than eighteen hundred years past, and who *will say that the world* is any nearer an entire conver-

sion, than it was during the first century? True, there is much *nominal Christianity* abroad; but *genuine piety*, such as exerts a power upon the hearts of men, is at a low ebb, we may almost say, scarcely discernible. And there is far less power attending the preaching of the word now, than formerly, especially during apostolic days. The professed churches of Christ have become amalgamated with the world, both as regards its spirit and practices; while, as we have already seen, iniquity among the mass abounds to an alarming degree. And this is in exact accordance with scripture testimony upon the subject. Iniquity shall abound, and the love of many wax cold. Matt. xxiv. 12. Evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, 2 Tim. iii. 13. The tares and the wheat were both to grow *together* until the harvest — which is the end of the age. The "tares" are stated to be the "children of the wicked one." The "wheat," the "children of the kingdom." Such language surely is plain and positive. How can we mistake its meaning? If the preaching of the gospel, then, is not to accomplish the work of a world's conversion, it may be inquired, what *is its* object? The gospel, we reply, is the *good news*, or *glad tidings* concerning the kingdom of God, that is to be established upon the earth. Christ has sent forth his ministers with the proclamation of these glad tidings, to be published in *all the* world for a "witness unto all

nations." . The means also of obtaining an heirship to that kingdom are made known — repentance for sin, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, that all may have an opportunity to choose or refuse the blessings proffered. For this purpose, the Bible has been given, and freely circulated in almost every language upon earth. Life and death are continually set before the multitude, and decisions have been forming, that reach forth upon *eternal destinies.* In every age, some have accepted the offer of salvation, and been "sealed unto the day of redemption;" while numbers have rejected it, and chosen the "wages of sin," which are *eternal death.* In this way the Lord has been gathering out of every age and nation, those who shall inherit the "world to come." This, then, is the design of God in causing the proclamation concerning the kingdom to be made to a ruined world. The majority have ever rejected it. It is the "little flock" who are exhorted to "fear not," for they shall possess the kingdom.

THE THOUSAND YEARS.

THIS portion of time has ever been regarded by the church as an important period in the world's future history; an age of brightness, the rays of which, although shining prospectively, light up the dreariness of the present. With regard to this period, the order *of events* — *manner of* their accomplishment — and

other points, there is diversity of opinion, even among those who unite generally upon the platform of a literal interpretation. Yet we are by no means to infer from this that revelation is not clear upon the subject, or that it is a matter not to be comprehended by the human intellect. We are but fallible, erring mortals; and see only "through a glass darkly." And it is not strange that we are slow in grasping in our vision those mighty scenes that appear only in perspective. There has ever been a slowness to comprehend the revealed purposes of God relative to the future. Thus was it with believers previous to the gospel age. The first advent, with its accompanying blessings, was but dimly perceived, even by those who were farthest in advance concerning spiritual or heavenly things, and thus it is with reference to the future age. It becomes us then under these circumstances, to bow reverently before the sacred word, and whatever knowledge we receive, make known with all humility — not arrogantly assuming a superiority over those who are destitute of such perceptions of truth; remembering at the same time, that we are but finite, and know little in comparison with the *vast field* before us. That which is requisite to an understanding of the truth is a willing mind, with an earnest desire to be taught of God. We are also to "*seek* for wisdom" — to "search *diligently* as for hid treasures." Then the promise is ours — that we shall "find the knowledge of God."

It is not our purpose in the present work to exhibit the different views that are entertained relative to this period, or even to attempt the exposition of any one particular system. To enter into any special detail regarding the thousand years, were we competent to the work, would of itself fill an entire volume far exceeding the dimensions of the present. We shall simply, then, give a synopsis of some of the leading events that are to transpire, with scripture proofs upon each point, not assuming, however, that the exact order is maintained as regards the time of their occurrence. The "thousand years," or as sometimes termed, Millennial Reign, is announced in the book of Revelation, 20th chap. Other terms are used in scripture evidently denoting the same period. It is called the "Day of the Lord," also, the "Day of Judgment, and perdition of ungodly men," and in 2d Pet. 3:8, we have this assurance — that "*One day* is with the Lord as a *thousand years*, and *a thousand years as one day*." The "Sabbath" is also another name designating it, and the Jewish Sabbath being the seventh day of the week, of which this is the antetype, it seems reasonable to infer that the great Sabbath is to be the seventh day of time, consequently the seven thousandth period of the world's history. It is the "*rest* that remaineth for the people of God." Another term employed is the "Times of the Restitution." This implies a *restoring or recovering a former state*, the "times," that period in which such

a work is accomplished. The Old Testament prophecies are filled with numerous predictions concerning the restoration of earth to its Eden condition, a second Paradisiacal state, and the "times" during which this grand scheme is to be carried out and completed is that blessed period, still in the future, toward which is turned the eyes of all who have faith in the prophetic word — all diligent students of the Bible — a period of the most momentous interest to every child of Adam. The opening scene of this grand future, as we have indubitable evidence to believe, is

THE SECOND ADVENT OF THE MESSIAH.

And he shall send Jesus Christ, who before was preached unto you, whom the heaven must receive *until* the times of restitution of all things which God hath spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began. Acts 3: 20, 21. This evidently implies that at the *commencement* of those "times" the Saviour will appear. It is also taught in the assurance, already alluded to, which is found in the book of Revelation, that He is to reign with the saints on the earth, for the space of one thousand years. And, says the apostle Paul, in Cor. xv. chap., He must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is Death; (harmonizing with the closing scenes, spoken of in Rev. xx: 14; And *death* and hell, or the grave, were cast into

the lake of fire, which is the second death.) *Then* cometh the end (of the thousand years, or the seven prophetic days of the world's history,) when he shall have "delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father, when he shall have put down all rule, and all authority, and power," or, as taught in Ps. 2d, when he shall have dashed the earthly kingdoms or thrones to pieces, like a potter's vessel. The restitution, then, with all those mighty scenes that are to fill up the period of its accomplishment, is perfected beneath the personal reign of Jesus — the world's Restorer. As regards the literality of his coming, with its attendant glories, we have previously quoted several texts — enough, surely, to substantiate our present position. One of the first events that transpire at his coming, is the

BINDING OF SATAN.

And I saw an angel come down from heaven having the key of the bottomless pit, and a great chain in his hand. And he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the Devil and Satan, and *bound him a thousand years.* Rev. 20: 1, 2. This great adversary of God and man, who hath filled the world with woes and corruptions, is to be held by almighty power during the whole period, so that there shall be no temptations, or wily schemes of wickedness abroad in all the earth. Blest day of deliverance! when the *arch enemy will* be held in chains, and the honor and

power of Him, who is mightier than the mightiest shall be vindicated. We have also

THE RESURRECTION OF THE SLEEPING SAINTS.

For the trumpet shall sound, (denoting the opening of a new era,) and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, 1. Cor. xv: 52. Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the *first* resurrection. Rev. xx: 6. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven, with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the *dead in Christ* shall rise first. 1. Thess. iv: 16. And this is the will of him that sent me, that every one that seeth the Son and believeth on him, may have everlasting life, and I will raise him up *at the last day.* John vi: 40. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth, and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God. Job. xix: 25, 26.

Other texts might be quoted, but these, so clear, and positive, are sufficient to establish the truth of the point presented. At that time, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob — prophets and apostles — all those holy men of old, who lived and died in the faith of the gospel, and who have for so long a period been "sleeping in Jesus," will be quickened by the same Spirit, that raised up Jesus from the dead, and have bodies "fashioned *like unto* his glorious body." They will receive

the gift of immortality, by which they will be rendered incapable of "dying any more." What an illustrious company will thus come forth from the dust of the earth — real, tangible beings, having each his own identity, so that they will be known as the very individuals of whom the Bible and history have spoken. Of this we are assured, from the fact that Christ said to the wicked Jews —"Ye shall see Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and all the prophets in the kingdom of God, and you yourselves thrust out." This is indeed *the* hope for fallen man, sentenced to death — a resurrection to a second immortal life. Blessed be God, that the light of such a star shines upon the otherwise dreary future! No wonder is it that the great apostle was "pressing forward" with determined zeal and diligence, that he might by any means attain unto that first and "better" resurrection. And when this great company have been "born again" or animated by the *breath of God* to a second life, then will take place

THE CHANGE OF THE LIVING SAINTS.

"We shall not all sleep," saith the scripture by Paul, "but we shall all be *changed* in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump." And what is this change? We have the answer. For this corruptible must put on *incorruption*, and this mortal must put on *immortality*. And *then* shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up *in victory*. *1 Cor.* xv. 51, 54.

The dead in Christ shall rise *first*. *Then* we who are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air. 1 Thess. iv. 16, 17. The prophet Elijah was "caught up" from the presence and fellowship of Elisha, and upon him passed the change from mortal to immortality. Enoch also, the "seventh from Adam," was translated, because he was a holy man, and had the "testimony that he pleased God." But he was not taken from earth in his mortal state, for it is expressly stated, that the reason for which he was translated was, *that he should not see death*. He was therefore "changed" or made immortal, and the testimony stands forth on Bible record as evidence of that which is to take place at the coming of the Lord, with reference to the righteous who shall then be living upon the earth. And upon the mount of transfiguration, in that miniature representation of the future kingdom, two earthly beings appear — one, a mortal raised from the dead, the other, a living mortal changed — both glowing in all the refulgence of immortality, shining even "as the sun." Thus will a great company be made "perfect," and fitted to shine forth in the kingdom of God.

RESTORATION OF JERUSALEM, AND GATHERING OF ISRAEL TO THE PROMISED LAND.

THE land of Palestine, and particularly that portion of it denominated Jerusalem, has ever been a

prominent point of interest in the scripture history concerning our earth. There, as we have good evidence for belief, was located the garden of Eden, or, as it is sometimes termed, "garden of the Lord," as being emphatically chosen by Him, because "beautiful for situation"—the "joy of the whole earth." After the transgression of our first parents, they were "driven out" from this Paradisiacal abode; while, in connection with the rest of earth, it received those physical evils involved in the curse. Still, in the eye of the Creator, that locality continued to appear sacred. His chosen people Israel, were promised an inheritance there, and were led out of Egypt through the wilderness to obtain it. Their enemies were driven out, and the land was divided to them by lot, which was a partial fulfilment of *the promise*, or rather a type of the blessing in store for them. Upon that very spot, those great and solemn scenes connected with the first advent were transacted. There Christ was born, lived out his days of earthly pilgrimage, was crucified, buried, rose from the dead, and from thence ascended to the throne of his Father. Sacred indeed, are all the associations connected with the scenes that transpired at that eventful period. And who that has a spark of reverence for things divine, can fail of being softened and subdued while gazing there, feeling throughout the fibres of his being, *that it is hallowed* ground?

It was prophesied of this land, that it should be laid waste, and made utterly desolate. Jer. 4: 27; 26: 18. And this prediction has been strictly fulfilled. The united testimony of travelers proves that there has been scarcely a portion of habitable earth so utterly barren and desolate as this. Jerusalem has been laid in ruins — and "Zion" has been "ploughed as a field." Thus hath God spoken, and thus has his word been verified. Mahomedans have reared their mosques, and displayed their superstitious worship where once the temple stood in all its typsical glory; while the presence of the Eternal has departed, and His name is no longer reverenced there. But we have other prophetical announcements concerning this chosen land, that yet remain to be fulfilled. We will quote a few of them. In mount Zion and in Jerusalem shall be deliverance (in the day of judgment,) as the Lord hath said. Joel. 11: 32. Upon mount Zion shall be deliverance, and there shall be holiness, and *the house of Jacob shall possess their possessions*; Ob. 17. For God will save Zion, and will build the cities of Judah, that they may dwell there, and have it in possession. The seed also of his servants shall inherit it, and they that love his name shall dwell therein. Ps. 69: 55, 36. The Lord loveth the gates of *Zion* more than all the dwellings of Jacob. Ps. 87: 2. For the Lord *hath chosen Zion*, he hath desired it for his habitation. Ps. 132: 13. Out of

Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem. Isa. 11: 3. And the Redeemer *shall come to Zion*, and unto those that turn from transgression in Jacob, saith the Lord. Isa. 59: 20. And the Lord shall inherit Judah his portion in the holy land, and shall choose Jerusalem again. Zech. 11: 12. These are but a few of the many prophecies concerning the restoration of Jerusalem to its former state. There is abundant proof to satisfy any reasonable mind that the *literal land*, where the Creator has from time to time manifested his glory, is to be cleansed, and rendered again perfect and fit for his peculiar, chosen dwelling-place. There was located the throne of David, and the promise is that Christ shall sit upon that very throne; Luke 1: 32: while his kingdom is to extend over all the earth. Jerusalem is to be the central point, or capital of that kingdom, which will be established when the King shall appear, who is to "rule in righteousness." It will constitute the great focal point of millennial glory, from whence refulgent beams of truth and justice will go forth to gladden the entire earth. Israel too, and Judah, His chosen people, are to be gathered to their own land. Upon this point we shall quote but a very few of the predictions that are uttered concerning it. The promise was made to that peculiar people, that they should inherit the land. As it is well known, *they have been* scattered and driven among all nations,

on account of their utter disobedience. But they are to be gathered and reinstated in the land of promise, as saith the word of the Lord. In his days, (speaking of the King,) *Judah* shall be saved, and *Israel* shall *dwell* safely. Therefore, behold the days come, saith the Lord, that they shall no more say, the Lord liveth which brought up the children of Israel, out of the land of Egypt. *But* the Lord liveth which brought up, and which led the seed of the house of Israel out of the north country from *all countries* whither I had driven them, and THEY SHALL DWELL IN THEIR OWN LAND. Jer. 23:5, 8. Hear the word of the Lord, O ye nations, and declare it in the isles afar off, and say, He that scattered Israel will gather him and keep him as a shepherd doth his flock. For the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and ransomed him from the hand of him that was stronger than he. Therefore they shall come and sing in the *height of Zion*, and shall flow together to the goodness of the Lord for wheat, and for wine, and for oil, and for the young of the flock, and of the herd, and their soul shall be as a watered garden, and they shall not sorrow any more at all. Jer. 31:10, 12. And I will make them one nation (Israel and Judah,) *in the land* upon the *mountains of Israel*, and one king shall be king to them all, and they shall be no more two nations, neither shall they be divided into two kingdoms any more at all. Ez. 37:22. But we forbear. The

prophecies touching this subject are exceedingly numerous, both in Isaiah, Jeremiah and in the lesser prophets. We leave the reader to examine kindred texts, which cannot fail to convince the mind that the antetype of that which took place in the land of Egypt by the hand of Moses, is to be realized when the great leader at his second advent, or during his millennial reign, shall release his chosen people from bondage, and bring them into the true promised land. Rich indeed, are the blessings that are in store for the Israel of God. The Lord redeem his pledge, and to his name be all the glory!

DEMOLISHING OF EARTHLY KINGDOMS.

THE kingdoms of this world are not in harmony with the exalted principles and ends of God's government. They savor too much of that arbitrary spirit that takes delight in exercising "lordship over" the people, and "authority upon them." There is a wielding of power which results in the exaltation of those who rule, and the degradation of those governed. This is antagonistical to that spirit of divine government which is good will and honor to all concerned. Human governments, therefore, like all else pertaining to earth in its present condition, are a perversion of right, or the original design of the supreme Governor. And it is in His purpose that they shall *be demolished,* and mankind be governed upon

righteous principles. This is to take place during the thousand years reign of the Messiah. After taking possession of his throne, He is to extend dominion over the entire earth. In the prophecy of Daniel, we have a full description, by means of varied symbols, of four universal monarchies, which have borne rule over earth — the fourth being divided into several minor kingdoms, (which is now its condition,) and these to be succeeded by a kingdom "set up by the God of heaven," and which shall "never be destroyed." Then, as it is written — The kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces, and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand forever. Dan. 2:44. And further. Yet have I set my king upon my holy hill of Zion. Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession. Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron, thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel. Ps. 2:6, 9. For the nation and kingdom that will not serve *thee* shall perish; yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted. Isa. 9:12. And I will overthrow the throne of kingdoms, and I will destroy the strength of the kingdom of the heathen. Hagg. 2:22. And the seventh angel sounded, and there were great voices in heaven saying, The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ, and he shall reign forever and ever. Rev. 11:15.

We see then, that all earthly kingdoms are to give way to the peaceful and blessed reign of Christ, the world's Sovereign. And his will be indeed a reign of righteousness and peace, shedding its benign and hallowed influences "from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth."

Although many other things are to be accomplished during this period, yet as we previously stated we should not enter into it minutely, we come now to speak of the closing scenes.

RESURRECTION OF THE WICKED.

THERE is a *resurrection unto life*, of which we have already spoken, the "first" and "better" resurrection, and all who "seek for glory, honor and immortality," shall have a part in it. There is also a resurrection to condemnation or death of all the ungodly who have ever polluted our earth. While they who "sow to the spirit are of the spirit to reap life everlasting," they who "sow to the flesh, are of the flesh to reap *corruption*." At the resurrection of the unjust, no life-giving spirit will cry —"Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust." But a voice of terror will arouse and bid them come forth to judgment. They will awake to shame and everlasting contempt." And what a congregation will be there! Sinners of every grade and condition. Those who have slighted *repeated calls of* mercy, and died as they lived in

unrighteousness. The beastly inebriate, and sensual debauchee — the gambler and profane — the thief and murderer — those Jews who "crucified the Lord of glory," and those despots of the nineteenth century, who have abused those created in His image— exercising the same crucifying spirit toward some of his little ones. What a congregation of mortal, corruptible, doomed, and miserable beings! Not to live and reign in glory, but to endure the pangs of the *second death.* Our authority for placing this at the close of the times of restitution, is found in Rev. 20: 5. After speaking of the righteous and their "reign with Christ a thousand years," it is added: But the *rest of the dead* lived not again *until the thousand years were finished.* This, then, is the *second* resurrection; and terrible, indeed, is their condition, who have part in it.

THEIR JUDGMENT AND DESTRUCTION.

THEN shall the King say unto those on his left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels. Matt. 25: 41. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it, and death and the grave delivered up the dead which were in them, and they were judged, every man according to their works; and death and hell (or the grave,) were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second *death,* and whosoever was not found written in the

book of life was cast into the lake of fire. Rev. 20: 13, 15. The wicked shall perish, and the enemies of the Lord shall be as the fat of lambs: they shall consume, into smoke they shall consume away. Ps. 37: 20. For, behold, the day cometh that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble: and the day that cometh shall *burn them up*, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch. Mal. 4: 1. They shall *perish* in their own corruption. 2 Pet. 2: 12. The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God and obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; who shall be punished with *everlasting destruction* from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power. 2 Thess. 1: 7, 9. For the wages of sin is death. Rom. 6: 23. All the wicked will he destroy. Ps. 45: 20. These few texts gathered from the multitude that may be found in the Bible upon this point, are sufficient to demonstrate the fact, that those who come forth at the second resurrection, will be judged and sentenced to eternal death, or final and irretrievable destruction.

DESTRUCTION OF SATAN — OR THE DEVIL.

And the devil that deceived them, was cast into the *lake of fire and brimstone*, where the beast and the false

prophet are, and shall be tormented day and night, forever and ever. Rev. 20: 10. That through death, He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil. Heb. 2: 14. During the thousand years this great enemy of God and man is to be held in chains (it is not revealed to us in what manner,) so that his wily arts or unhallowed influences will not in the least retard the glorious work of restitution. But at the close of this period, he is to be released for a season, to do his final work of deception among men. He is then to be sentenced and receive his just doom — *death eternal.* And "the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death," who hath ever been one of Satan's ambassadors in our fallen world. Then, indeed, may the shout be echoed, and re-echoed by all the redeemed — "Thanks be unto God who hath given us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

MELTING OF THE EARTH.

As this subject has been previously presented, we shall say but little in this connexion. The world, or the works that were therein, was once destroyed by a flood, and how dreary must have been that vast abyss of waters, with no spot for the eye to rest upon of life or verdure. But the heavens and the earth which are now, *by the same word* are kept in store, *reserved unto fire* against the day of judgment and

perdition of ungodly men. 2 Pet. 3: 7. The heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also, and the works that are therein, shall be burned up. 10th verse. Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the work of thy hands. They shall perish, but thou remainest, and they all shall wax old as doth a garment. And as a vesture shalt thou fold them up, and they shall be *changed*. Heb. 1: 10, 12, as quoted from the Psalms. How far surpassing the deluge in terror and desolation, will be this final and destructive conflagration! The heavens and the earth on fire! There is something fearful in the raging of this element when confined even to a small portion of our earth. But when the entire planet is wrapped in flames, and the atmosphere surrounding it presents one sheet of liquid fire, how indescribably, yea, inconceivably terrific must be the scene! What "heart can endure, or hands be strong" in that most terrible day of God?

We shall not philosophize or theorize about the manner in which this work will be accomplished. The mighty Creator is able to perform it in whatever way it may please him. It would seem, however, that there were striking evidences of its fulfilment all around us. The fact that our globe within *is actually* a lake of fire, covered with a comparatively *thin crust; and* that this occasionally bursts forth, as

in the volcano, shows that it would be an easy matter from this cause to envelope the world in flames. Or were the relation of the gases composing the atmosphere slightly changed, a convulsion would take place that would "shake the heavens and earth," and wrap the whole in fire. We see, then, at present, causes in operation sufficient to produce this fearful result. But aside from these—the *Lord hath spoken*, and his word can never fail. Thus will the earth be melted, and again become a chaotic mass. But it may be asked, what will become of the people of God during that dreadful day of burning? They will be safe, we can answer firmly and unhesitatingly. There was an ark of safety in the time of the deluge, into which the righteous entered and were preserved. And when God's judgments came upon Egypt, His people were passed over. Thus has it been, and thus will it be. It is written, *Upon mount Zion shall be deliverance;* and further — In that day shall this song be sung in the land of Judah; We *have a strong city.* Salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks. Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter in. Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee. Trust ye in the Lord forever: for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength. Isa. 26: 1, 4. Again — The Lord also shall *roar out of Zion*, and utter his voice from Jerusalem;

and the heavens and the earth shall shake: but the Lord will be the hope of *his people*, and the strength of the children of Israel. Joel 3: 16. *They will be safe.* God will provide an ark of safety for them, which will most probably be the New Jerusalem. If it is upon the site of the former city, and is cleansed and purified during the thousand years, then that spot will be preserved from the fiery judgment. And it is most probable that there will be the "hiding place" where the saints will be gathered. "Blessed" indeed "are those who put their trust in Him."

NEW HEAVENS AND EARTH.

Behold, I create new heavens and a new earth, and the former shall not be remembered nor come into mind. Isa. 65:17. And I saw a new heaven and a new earth, for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. Rev. 21:1. Thus we have the immutable promise of Jehovah that when the week of this world's history is finished, and the wickedness of the wicked hath come to an end when the heavens and earth wherein they existed are dissolved by fire—that there shall be a new creation—complete and glorious as at the first, and which will be an abode fit for the righteous to enter. We have spoken in the former part of our work concerning things as they were before the transgression of our first parents. *These* are all to be restored — and the world's

redemption complete. Then will the Son of God, "see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied." The Father Himself will smile with supreme delight, and all the host of heaven shout for joy. Then will those Psalms be fully realized that prophesy a whole earth resounding with praise. Yea, "everything that hath breath will praise the Lord."

Thrice blessed orb! From every mount
And every glen shall rise
A quenchless flame of perfect love,
Accepted sacrifice;
Each hallow'd morn, and noon, and eve,
Seraphic notes will bear,
And He who covered Sinai's top
Shall dwell in glory there.

The "morning stars" will then again
In lofty songs unite,
And all the Sons of God raise high
Their shouts of pure delight:
Yea, God Himself will call it "good,"
And that bright work divine,
Amid the countless gems of light
Forevermore will shine.

WHEN WILL THESE THINGS BE?

Such was the inquiry of the disciples at Jerusalem, when Christ was foretelling those things that should transpire relative to that city, and also with regard to the world itself. And such also has been the solicitous inquiry of many, throughout the gospel age. But as

yet, no answer as regards the *definite point* of time has been given. True, there are prophetic numbers placed on Bible record, and these have been carefully studied by the most diligent and spiritually-minded students of the word; who have at different times expressed great faith in the correctness of the conclusions to which they have arrived—still, they have been proven incorrect as to the exactness of the point specified for the commencement of the millennial age. The difficulty, however, consists not in the incorrectness of those numbers, but is to be attributed solely to the imperfection of human chronology. We cannot arrive at perfect accuracy with regard to the date of historical events; and therefore shall not know the "day nor hour" when the sun of that long-looked for day shall dawn upon our world. And this is in accordance with the word respecting it. It is to come *unexpectedly* — or at least "in an hour that ye think not." True, there will be a class *watching* for its appearing — but even these may be disappointed as to the exact period and manner of its approach.

Yet, notwithstanding the difficulty of arranging the prophetic numbers so as to get a knowledge of the exact termination of the present age; we are not left wholly in the dark concerning it. By no means. There are several distinct, grand outlines given of the world's history, which show us where we are, and what *is before* us, giving very nearly the time when to ex-

pect the momentous changes of which we have spoken. It is our privilege to know when the "day-star" is shining, giving token that the morning is soon to dawn. Certain signs are predicted which have been fulfilled. The peculiar state of the church and the world are graphically described just prior to the scenes of that great day. That state exists at present. There is an expectation among men generally of a speedily approaching crisis — and we have firm evidence to conclude that we are rapidly nearing that long expected and glorious period. *It is but just before us.* The day-star has arisen, and soon will the morning burst forth in all its refulgence; the morning of such a day as earth has never known. What solemn reflections are urged upon the mind in view of such a fact! Ah, "Who can abide the day of His coming? and who can stand when He appeareth"? Those only who have "clean hands and pure hearts" — who have accepted the proffered terms of salvation, and have thus become heirs of the promised inheritance.

CONCLUSION.

Glorious indeed is the future we have been contemplating, for all who obey the gospel of God, and become co-workers with Him in his great and beneficent plan of mercy to a fallen world. There is something in it of reality — of rationality, which is suited to the very nature and capacities of man. The Mahometan

may enjoy the imaginary prospective of his sensual paradise — the Swedenborgian endeavor to grasp his ethereal one — yea, other human-invented schemes of future happiness make many dupes among the visionary or ignorant. But this true Bible theory, bearing divinity upon the very face of it, and in all its parts, is the only solid foundation for faith and hope — the only real future that is presented for the pursuit of blinded, erring man. Away, then, with fancies and theories, and let the word of Jehovah, as revealed in the Bible, be received, and relied upon with unshaken confidence. Here, as upon a rock of interminable strength, may we stand secure. "*The word of God standeth sure.*" It is immutable, unchangeable, eternal. "Heaven and earth may pass away," but His word *never!* His promise and oath have both been given as security to the wavering. "*As I live,*" He hath said, "all the earth shall be filled with my glory." Mountains may fall away, the eternal rock be loosened at its base, and be thrown into the depth of the sea — yea, the stars themselves fall from heaven, or the sun be blotted out of the universe, but the word of Him who "cannot lie," who "spake and it was done, commanded and it stood fast," *can never fail.* In every jot and tittle will it all be fulfilled. Here, then, is an "anchor sure and steadfast" — a "hope that maketh not ashamed" — a firm resting-place for weary, wandering man.

Be entreated, then, O fellow inhabitant of this sin-

cursed, transitory and sorrowful world, to "lay hold upon this hope that is set before you in the gospel," and "by well-doing, seek for glory, honor and immortality;" that you may dwell upon the earth renewed, and join in the full chorus that shall resound from every portion of its wide domain — Immortal praise to God and the Lamb.

1. Poetry, Religious, American

THE GOSPEL HOPE,

AND OTHER

POEMS.

BY MRS. A. C. JUDSON.

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THE GOSPEL HOPE.

(ANASTASIS.)

Oh, earth is dark — deeply, intensely dark:
Shrouded in sin, while sorrow's dismal pall
Is overspread. The sighs, and groans, and tears
Of her vast millions, rise unceasingly,
In one continuous cloud; most woful cloud,
Whereon no sunbeams shine. And there is nought
Where'er the eye can roam, to cheer the heart;
All, all is desolate. Death stalks abroad,
And lays his withering hand on old and young:
Mortals of every rank, and every age,
Are stricken down by his all-conquering arm,
And left as nought, to moulder in the earth,
And turn again to dust. Alas! how sad,
How deeply mournful is the work of death!
The lovely boy that has just learned to lisp
The words his mother taught him, in the bloom
And freshness of his childhood, droops, and turns
To marble paleness; while the eye is closed
That once was full of beauty, and the lips
Sealed in unwonted silence. Those around
Gaze with unmingled grief, as they behold

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This sleeping cherub laid within the tomb.
And who can tell the loneliness and grief
Of her who gave it birth,— of those who bore
The name of Parent to this little one?
Oh! cruel foe! to rob them of their joy,
To crush their hopes that yet were in the bud,
And leave them stricken, like the forest-tree
Scathed by the lightning's blast. Who can assuage
Their bitter poignant grief?

Behold *her* too,
Around whom gathered, day by day, a group
Of cherished ones — their sun, their source of joy;
Guiding, restraining, teaching, leading them
As none beside could do; now lying low
Upon the bed of languishing — her life
Yielding at last to man's relentless foe,
And she is borne away, hid from their eyes,
To be deposited where worms may feed
On her once lovely form. Alas! Alas!
The piteous moans of these poor orphans, tell
How fearful are the ravages of death!
And every day, yea, every hour are scenes,
Heart-rending scenes like these.

The giddy throng
Move on with lightsome step, and yet *he* treads
Close in their path, with sickle all prepared,
And, one by one, they fall to rise no more.
The fondest ties are sever'd — hopes are crush'd,

Beauty destroyed, and all is blight and wo.
To day we live,— To-morrow it may be
Our turn to meet this foe inveterate,
And he the victor. Lo, whate'er our joy,
Such dark foreboding clouds it. We but live
In constant expectation of our doom,
This dreaded, fearful doom.
Yea, *life is dark.*
The world is sorrowful, and what but wo
O'erhangs the future! Tell me, is there aught
To shed one ray of hope — to cheer the soul
During a life so brief, so dark as this?
Ye, who are guided by a Power unseen,
Who've search'd the mysteries of that wondrous Book,
And walk as "strangers" 'mid the multitude;
Say, is there aught to cheer a saddened heart,
A heart that's weary of this world's rude strife,
Sick of its sorrows, tremulous with fear
In view of death, and mortal's last abode,
The dreary dismal tomb? Is this the end,
The final destiny of noble man?
There must existence cease, and, as the worm,
Or clod that covers him, must he become
Extinct forever! Say, is there no hope?

CHRISTIAN PILGRIM.

Yes, *there is hope.* Glory and praise to Him
Who sitteth on the throne, and being gave

To every thing that liveth; from the least
Of forms invisible, to him who walks
Erect and noble — as "creation's lord."—
To Him who "was, and is, and is to come,"
Who saw man's wretched state beneath the fall,
And gave his Son a willing sacrifice,
To make atonement. To work out a full,
Complete redemption, and the gift restore
Which he had forfeited. Yes, praise to Him,
Eternal, rapturous praise; for *there is hope* —
Refulgent hope, that, like the tints of morn,
Or rainbow hues athwart the darkness, shines,
And sweetly cheers us. 'Tis an "anchor, sure
And steadfast" ever to the needy soul
Toss'd on life's boisterous ocean — a true star,
To guide the weary mariner — *the all*
Of mortal in this life.—Oh, then attend,
Child of the dust, give ear to gospel truth,
Lay hold upon this hope, this glorious hope,
And grasp it firmly even to the end.
True, *earth is dark*. Beneath Jehovah's curse.
Pronounced long since, upon that fatal day
When man became apostate, still it lies,
Groaning to be delivered. "Dust thou art,"
Was the Almighty's fiat, "and to dust
Shalt thou return." Satan hath placed his foot
Upon the soil, and claims dominion here;
And death is one of his ambassadors,

Whom he employs in his usurped domain
To scatter poignant misery and wo.
The whole creation groaneth, and, alas!
Hath groaned full long beneath such dismal reign;
But He whose throne is from eternity,
Who is above all gods, hath with the curse
Decreed a promise, making it most sure
With oath immutable — wherein we have
Strong consolation in this vale of death.
Earth is to be redeemed. The curse removed.
Death banish'd ever, and that mighty Foe
Who hath the power of death, to be destroyed.
Christ, who bestowed his soul a sacrifice
For man depraved, hath risen from the dead,
Triumphant Victor. As the golden sheaf
That early ripens, doth the promise give
Of a full harvest, and in ancient days
Was yielded to the Lord a *sacred pledge*
By his true people Israel,— thus hath He
Become First-fruit of all who sleep in him.
A morn — a glorious morn is soon to break
O'er earth's long dreary night. The Archangel's trump
Will herald its approach. He who was slain,
In power and glory will descend to earth,
As the bright Sun of righteousness; and then
Millions will waken, those who long have slept —
Prophets, Apostles, Patriarchs most just,
And the vast catalogue of righteous ones,

Who *died in faith* of this transcendent morn,
Will waken from their slumbers, and come forth
To resurrection joyful — that of life,
A never-ending life. Mortal will then
Put on the robe of immortality;
Dust that hath lain for ages will be changed
To forms of beauty, shining like the sun
In its meridian splendor.— Yea, like Him
Who was transfigured on the holy mount,
(Fit emblem of that morning:) or as when
Revealed in Patmos' isle, to him the loved
Disciple of our Lord.— Most dazzling forms,
Yet, real, tangible: quick to discern,
And to enjoy with an exalted zest
All that is beautiful, and bright, and blest
Of vast creation: — never more to know
A sense of suffering, nor again decay,
Or lose the bloom of youth by lapse of time;
But still increase in beauty and delight,
Knowing and doing all their Maker's will.
Such will that morning be. This is the "first,"
The "better resurrection;" shadow'd forth
By pen of inspiration —To the view
Of dying man revealed, to urge him on
To life of holiness, that he may share
In all its glories.— Listen to that word,
Give ear to those blest witnesses, who wrote
As they were moved by influence divine,

Of the pure gospel-hope — To Him who "spake
As never mortal spake,"—Oh listen now,
And let the chart they offer be your guide
Through this most lone and dreary pilgrimage.

JOB.

Man lieth down, and riseth not again;
Until the heavens shall have passed away,
He shall not rise, nor waken from his sleep.
With patience will I wait, yes, all the days
Of my appointed time, until my change,
My final change shall come.

Oh that my words
Were written plainly! Oh, that in a book
They might be printed! or with iron pen,
And lead be graven in the flinty rock,
To stand forever!

For I know indeed
That my Redeemer liveth, and shall stand
At that great, final day, upon the earth;
And though this body may be food for worms,
Until destroyed, yet I shall then behold
E'en in my flesh, my Savior and my God.
Yea, my own eyes shall see him for myself,
And not a stranger's — Even now, *my reins*
Consume within me with my ardent hope,
And earnest longing for that glorious day.

DAVID.

Sing to the Lord, ye saints; Give thanks and sing
At the remembrance of his holiness.
'Tis but a moment that his wrath endures,—
His favor seek, for in it there is life;
There may be weeping through life's dreary night,
But in the morning joy will surely come.
The wicked, though in honor while on earth,
Are like the brutes that perish. In the grave
Death feeds upon them, and the just shall have
Dominion over them in that bright morn.—
Yea, God will ransom from the grave's dread power
My soul, and will receive me to himself.
I wait for Him — my soul doth daily wait,
And long for his appearing, more than they
Who through the watching of a tedious night
Long for the dawn; and in His word I hope.
I shall behold his face in righteousness,
And my desire will not be satisfied,
Until I waken from the sleep of death
In His own likeness — beauteous and divine.

EZEKIEL.

A vision from the Lord. Led by his hand,
And in the Spirit, was I carried forth
Into the midst of a sequestered vale,
Filled with dry bones. I passed them round about—
A multitude there were, and very dry.

He spake: O son of man, can these bones live?
Lord God, thou only knowest, I replied.
He gave command: Now prophesy to these,
And say, Ye dry bones listen to the word;
Thus saith Jehovah, I will surely cause
Breath to be given; sinews, flesh, and skin,
In freshness shall appear, and ye shall live.
And so I prophesied. And while I spake,
There was a noise in that wild valley. Bones
Together came — bone to its fellow bone;
And when I looked, sinews and flesh were there,
And skin had covered them. But still no breath
Was in them yet. Then came again command —
Utter this prophesy: Thus saith the Lord,
From the four winds come forth, O breath, and breathe
Upon these slain, that they again may live.
I spake as He commanded, and the breath
Speedily entered them. They lived — they rose,
And stood before me, like an army vast.
This was the vision, and 'twas thus revealed.
These are to represent all Abraham's seed —
The Israel of God. "Behold," they say,
"Our bones are dry,— our hope is surely lost,"—
We do not enter in the promised land.
They groan to be delivered from the curse;
But thus Jehovah speaks: My people, hear!
A day will dawn, when all your graves shall be
Burst by my power asunder.— Ye shall rise,

And, quicken'd by my Spirit, like these bones
Shall live again — an army vast and great.
Then will I place you in the promised land,
The earth renewed — your own inheritance,
Where ye may dwell forever. Then indeed
Ye'll know that I'm Jehovah, and my word
Is firm and lasting as the eternal hills.

DANIEL.

At the last day, when Michael, that great prince
Who standeth for his people, shall arise
To take the throne, and reign o'er all the earth;
There shall be trouble, such as ne'er was known
Among his enemies. But at that time
The tried and chosen ones, whose names are found
Within the Book of Life, shall all be saved.
Many from out the sleepers shall awake
To everlasting life; yea, all who choose
True wisdom while on earth, shall then come forth
Arrayed in brightness as the firmament.
They who have borne the precious word of truth
With care and weeping—night and day have toiled
To gather souls to Christ, will then receive
Their rich reward. —Immortalized and pure,
With dazzling beauty, as the stars they'll shine
Forever in the kingdom of our God.

PAUL.

If there was nought beyond this transient life,

As some affirm; if all our hope in Christ
Were centered here, we should be sad indeed
Beyond our fellow-men. But 'tis not so:
No, Christ our Lord hath risen from the dead
First fruits of those who sleep.

For since by man
Was brought the curse of death, even by man
The resurrection cometh. They all die
In the first Adam, and are made alive
By faith alone in Him the second man —
The Lord from heaven. Yea, on that bless'd morn,
When in the clouds with glory He appears,
Even as He ascended, they shall rise
With bodies glorious. In corruption sown,
In incorruption, glory, and in power
They rise again.

And we shall not all sleep,
But to the same bright glory shall be changed,
Within a moment, at that last great day,
When Gabriel's trump shall sound. And then, when
Put on the robe of immortality, [all
The prophet's saying will be brought to pass:
Death is forever lost in victory!
And now, O Death, where can thy sting be found?
Where is thy victory, O thou dismal grave?
Thanks to our God, who doth the victory give
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

This is my hope;
I'm ready now to sleep,—my course is done.
I've fought the holy fight,—have kept the faith;
A crown awaits me, which the righteous Judge
Shall give me at that day. Yet not for me
Alone a crown is waiting, but for all
Whose hearts are ravish'd with the "better hope,"
And who are daily watching for their Lord.

JOHN.

How great, how wonderful indeed the love
Our Father hath bestowed, to give a name
So blest and elevated,— sons of God!
And such are we, beloved in this world,
Yet still are mortal.—But when He appears,
Our glorified Redeemer—then we know
We shall behold him, and be quickly changed
Into the same bright image. Blessed hope!
It leads the soul to cleanse itself from sin,
To turn aside from earth, with all its dross,
And seek for purity, as Christ is pure.
And I beheld in vision.— There were thrones,
And many sat thereon, to whom was given
Judgment and power. Among them, I beheld
Those who had suffered cruel tortures here,
And death at last, for being witnesses
For Jesus and his truth. They lived again,
To reign with him they loved a thousand years.

Blessed and holy are all they who share
In the first resurrection; for on such
The second death eternal hath no power.
Blessed they are! For I beheld, and lo!
New heavens and new earth appeared to view,
And that blest city, New Jerusalem,
Descended to the earth; and then a voice
Proclaimed that God again would dwell with men,
And call them his own people. From their eyes,
Would wipe away all tears, and never more
Should there be sorrow, crying, pain or death,
Because the former things had passed away.

CHRIST.

I am the Resurrection and the life:
He that believes in me though he were dead
Yet shall he live; while whosoever lives,
And in my name believeth in that day,
Shall never die.
Truly I say to you,
Who here have followed me, in that great day
Of restitution, when all things are new,
And on his throne of glory he shall sit,
The Son of Man; ye shall then with him reign,
Upon twelve thrones, judging the chosen race,
All Israel's tribes. And he that doth forsake
Father and mother, houses, children, lands,
For my name's sake, shall in that world receive

An hundred-fold, with everlasting life.
Angels shall come to gather the elect
From the four winds, yea, even all the saints,
From east and west, and from the north and south,
To sit down in the kingdom of their God,
Where, as the sun they shall forever shine!
Those who are counted worthy to attain
The resurrection from among the dead,
And that blest world to come, can die no more,
But like the angels are.
Ye that believe,
Let not your hearts be troubled. We must part,
But I am going to prepare a place
Among the mansions of my Father's house.
Many there are, and when 'tis meet for you,
I'll come again — receive you to myself,
That where I am, there ye may also be.
Ye now may sorrow, — then ye will rejoice,
And none can ever rob you of your joy.

CHRISTIAN PILGRIM.

Thus have they spoken. This is truth divine,
Eternal and immutable as Him
Who hath revealed it. This, the gospel hope,
Is of more worth than all the choicest stores
That earth contains. Gold cannot equal it,
Crystal or diamond — 'tis the gem of gems —
Pearl of great price, for which we well may part

With all held dear, and suffer the reproach
Of a vain scoffing world; yea, if need be,
Be persecuted even unto death.
It cheers amid all trials, — bears the soul
Triumphantly through each vicissitude
That marks our pathway here, and, to the last,
Even through Death's dark vale, affords a joy
No mortal tongue or pen can e'er describe.
O glorious hope! Praise to Immanuel's name!
Let earth, and seas, and skies, and all the works
Of vast creation, join to utter forth
Eternal praise to Him who hath decreed
Man's resurrection, — immortality
To all the pure in heart.

Come, then, O come,
Inquiring soul, sick of earth's carnal joys,
Distressed and sad 'mid life's unnumbered woes,
And prove its solace. Cast aside all sin,
Repent, believe — and wisdom from above
Shall pour its sunbeams round thee. Now, by faith
These will be blest realities. E'en here
The "earnest" may be thine, and soon, aye, soon,
To glad fruition will thine hope be changed,
And faith be lost in sight.

Listen to Christ:
"Come unto me, ye weary, laden soul,
And I will give you rest."

Come, then, O Come,
And with a pilgrim tread this heavenly road.

INQUIRER.

'Tis joyful news! — And may such hope be mine?
May such a sinner claim so choice a gift,
Eternal life, — a resurrection morn?
O, 'tis a boon too great, too precious far,
For mortal e'er to ask. But in that word,
Proven so clearly to be truth divine,
It is inscribed. — And wherefore should I doubt?
Away, then, with all fears. The way is plain
To which you point me, and I long to know
The blessedness of this pure gospel hope.
I turn from earth, with all its grievous woes,
From Death, our enemy, and from the grave,
So dark and dreary; and to Christ look up,
Who is the Resurrection and the Life —
The sun of Righteousness — and in that light,
With grace to aid, will follow, until life
Passes away, or Jesus shall appear.
"*I must* — *I can* — *I will* — I DO BELIEVE."

ATHEISM AND CHRISTIANITY CONTRASTED.

PART FIRST.

"No God!" the Atheist cries. O! hear that voice,
While earth is all unfolding to his view,
Mountain and valley, forest, field, and stream,
Arrayed in beauty, bright with varied charms.
Here, tender shrubs, and trees, with branches wide,
Casting a pensive shade; there, towering rocks,
And leaping rills, and waters covered o'er
With sparkling gems of light. The verdant bank,
The velvet lawn — and flowers, pure, lovely flowers,
With tints so varied, delicate, and bright,
And richly blended — tints, no painter's art
Could ever reach. Here, from the ocean's depth,
Most beauteous pearls appear; and precious stones
From earth's recess, all dazzling to the sight.
There, feathered tribes in brilliant plumage clad,
Filling the woods with gaiety and life.
The magic world of insects, unsurpassed
In glowing colors, and unnumbered charms;
Yet these, a greater part, revealed alone
By microscopic aid — Yea, living things
Of endless kind, through ocean, earth, and air,

All strangely linked in one harmonious chain! —
These are before him — and a thousand more
Bright scenes and wonders, language fails to tell;
Yet hear the words his daring lips proclaim —
"There is no God!"
He looks upon himself —
Link most exalted in the living chain;
Machinery so complex, *life is spent*,
And yet in vain, to comprehend it all.
The stately form, with grace and vigor crowned,
Its numerous chords so perfectly attuned;
Thought — boundless, unconfined — that ranges far
Throughout the universe; untiring still,
Though ever on the wing. Powers, nobly free
To will, devise, and sway — A quenchless thirst
For Immortality. — Yet he discerns
No image there — *No God* shines out from these!
He lifts his eye to those bright scenes above;
The glorious sun, the milder, gentle moon,
And hosts of stars, revolving in their spheres
With harmony sublime. The radiant bow,
And meteor's flame, and fields of dazzling light;
Mysterious scenes, proud reason ne'er unfolds —
But no deep sense of power and skill divine,
Pervades the soul: no reverential awe,
Or admiration of a great design;
All, all to him are but unmeaning specks,
By chance enkindled, to be blotted out

As chance directs: it may be in an hour—
Aye, with the lightning's speed, convulsion seize
The universe entire; worlds clash with worlds,
Systems on systems fall, 'till one dense mass
Of awful ruin fills etherial space!
'Tis thus he stands. No everlasting arm
Appears beneath the ponderous wheel of wheels,
And he, for aught his wisdom can discern,
May be in one brief instant changed to nought.

The tempest rages — vivid lightnings flash
From out the angry cloud — loud thunders roar —
Winds boisterous sweep earth's mightiest things like straws;
The ocean heaves its billows mountain-high,
Tossing the freighted vessel, as a breeze
Of summer sports with leaf, or downy seed;
And man's proud works are shiver'd — swept away
Still, 'mid the war of fearful elements,
The Atheist madly cries, "*No God! No God!*"

He lists to pleasing strains. The murmuring brook,
The whispering breeze, the insect's gentle hum,
And notes of birds, and melodies untold;
Morn's wakening carol — eve's most soothing strain;
But *heavenly voices* these are not to him:
They touch no chords of love and gratitude,
That echo forth a deeper note of praise.
The voice of nature may enchant his ear,

But reaches not his soul. Aye, he may gaze
Upon the gilded leaves and beauteous dress
Of her majestic volume; but 'tis closed!
Amid the glories of the universe
He stands unmoved. No mighty spirit breathes
Throughout the whole. No secret spring is there;
Without a God, 'tis soulless — lifeless — all.

Oh! where is joy, where peace, and hope for him?
And what can he impart to blunt the edge
Of life's unnumber'd woes? Behold him now
Amid those sad'ning scenes where wounded hearts
Sigh for relief, and led by social ties,
To fellow-man breathe forth their suppliant moans:—
"Who will befriend us?" comes in mournful tone
From the lone widow and the fatherless:
"Our only staff is gone. We laid him low
In the cold sepulchre. Whom shall we trust?
Where look for comfort in this bitter hour?"
"Ah! trust to *chance!*" the Atheist replies, —
And deeper sighs resound upon his ear.
They who have drank at earth's polluted streams
'Till sick at heart, — who thirst for purer joy,
With earnestness exclaim, "O, guide our steps
To some true fount!" He points them downward still,
To those same streams, and bids them quench their thirst.
He tells the mariner, when tempest-tost
Upon the boundless deep, 'tis *chance* controls

The winds and waves. The captive in his chains,
Must weep and die alone: he cannot throw
Into the dismal cell one glimmering ray;
Yea, his own head must bear life's piercing storms
Without a covert. — No bright bow appears
To illume the sable cloud. Cheerless and lone
He gropes his way, like some poor wanderer, cast
On foreign shores, without a chart or guide.
And in that final hour, when Death's cold hand
Is fastened on the heart, the purple tide
Ceases to flow, and gathering damps suffuse
The pale, unearthly brow; — all, all is dark;
Life's fairest hues are gone, and not a star
Gleams from the dreary canopy of night:
Ah! wretched one — he *dies without a God!*"

PART SECOND.

Turn now thine eye, and trace the Christian's path.
Amid life's chequered scenes, its joys and woes,
Mark well his footsteps — listen to his voice,
And then decide wherein true wisdom lies.
At morn behold him — pure and hallowed morn —
When glows the landscape with reviving light,
And living nature starts from her repose
All fresh and joyous. See, he walks abroad,
To catch the flame its matchless charms inspire:
Flowers send forth richer fragrance. — Hill and vale

In all their gay luxuriance, more fair,
More brightly verdant seem; while pearly drops,
Like beauteous coronets, adorn each leaf,
And bud, and blade, and every mossy tuft.
With heartfelt joy and gratitude, he sees
These new memorials of a Maker's love,
And seems to catch the smile that nature wears.
He hears the forest warblers pouring forth
Their untaught melody, and joins with voice,
And overflowing heart. List to his song:

Father! who art in heaven above,
All glorious, full of truth and love;
O listen while with joy I raise
My heart and voice in notes of praise.

'Twas thou who gav'st refreshing sleep,
Bade angel hosts their vigils keep;
Thou mad'st the glorious sun arise,
And bring new beauties to these eyes.

Yea, Thine own hand hath spread this scene,
Bright sparkling gems on robes of green;
Thou gav'st the bird its thrilling voice,
And morn's outgoings mad'st rejoice.

To Thee, Almighty God! to Thee
I lift the heart and bend the knee;
With joy an early offering bring,
My Father! Friend — Eternal King!

In noontide's fervent glow — at hour of eve,
When darkness veils the earth, and silence reigns;
List to his solemn prayer — his grateful lays:
God is the *first* and *last* in all his thoughts,
And fills his vision wheresoe'er he roves.
When fearful tempests rage, and lightnings gleam
In all their terror from the dismal sky;
When the fierce whirlwind prostrates in its might
Majestic oaks, and mingles in the air
Whate'er adorned the lovely rural scene;
When groaning earth gives way beneath the tread,
And lofty mountains send out flames of fire; —
A God! a God! the Christian loud proclaims;
Behold in *these* the tokens of his power!
He gives command, and elements obey;
'Tis His almighty arm the lightning wields,
And rolls loud thunder through the vault of heaven.
Earth trembles at His look, and mountains burn,
Enkindled by His breath. A God of might
Made and controls this wide-spread universe.
Those worlds unnumber'd in the boundless sky,
Yon radiant orb, that warms and cheers them all,
The beauteous azure of the firmament —
Earth's verdant carpet, and its varied hues,
So pleasingly adapted to the eye; —
The graceful flow'ret, and its sweet perfume;
Delicious fruits, and grain — refreshing springs —
The cavern's treasures, and the sea's vast store —

Beast, bird, and insect: man's most noble form,
With all its wonderful machinery,—
And every bounteous source of joy on earth,
Are proofs to him of love and skill divine.
And in them all he reads most solemn truth.
Nature is full of meaning to *his* soul;
A "still small voice" is borne in every breeze,
And glowing lines are traced on every leaf.
Day unto day gives speech — night unto night;
Moons as they wax and wane — years as they roll,
Fresh stores of knowledge bring. A quenchless fount
Is ever open to his thirsty mind.
And he hath still another book, more blest
Than that of nature, though in harmony;
Displaying all the attributes divine,
Yea, every page is stamped with Deity.
He reads, and hope is kindled in his breast;
A glorious hope of everlasting life,
Of bliss extatic in a world to come.
The vista of futurity is cleared
From mists and darkness, as the mountain-side,
When day pours forth its warm refulgent beams.
'Tis there he finds a wondrous plan revealed,
By which the guilty may obtain reprieve,
And rise to seats of honor with the King!
A plan all radiant with love divine;
Mercy and truth commingling, like the hues
In one soft ray of light. Good-will and peace

Proclaiming loud to fallen, ruined man.
'Tis there he gathers balm for every woe,
Courage in danger, strength in time of need;
When strongest ties are severed at a stroke,
And earthly hopes by sorrow's blast are strown;
See what triumphant smiles beam bright through tears!
Hear him exclaim, "My Father holds the rod,
And though he slays me, I will trust him still."
Amid his fellow-men, behold him now —
Consoling, aiding, guiding them to bliss.
In them he sees the image of his God,
Though fearfully debased, and marred by sin;
Souls that will soon in perfect glory shine,
Or sink, like wandering stars, to endless night!
In their behalf his warmest prayers ascend,
And heartfelt pity prompts the falling tear.
See him in that low dwelling, where Disease
And cruel Poverty have joined to bring
Its inmates to the depths of wretchedness.
With tender hand, and marks of love sincere,
He bears them needed aid; and scruples not
To stay awhile where aught but comfort dwells,
That he may throw upon their darken'd minds
A ray of light,— point them to joys on high,
And urge them to accept the Bread of Life.
He stands beside the sufferer, and imparts
Sweet consolation; "weeps with those who weep,"
And smooths the dying pillow, while he breathes
Into the mourner's ear this soothing strain:

O, let those tears be dry,
  There's joy in store for thee;
Lift to yon heaven thine eye —
  That bow of promise see!
Behold, a Being great in power
Is near thee in this trying hour.

An ear is bent to hear
  Thine inmost, secret sigh;
The falling of each tear
  Is watched with tender eye:
While love, compassionate and free,
A heart o'erflowing gives to thee.

He knows full well the grief
  That weighs thy spirit down,
And offers sweet relief —
  A never-fading crown
Is thine, if thou wilt own his care,
And seek his grace in humble prayer.

Look upward: He who made
  Those glittering gems of night;
Whose voice majestic bade
  Dark chaos turn to light:
Shines now upon thy dreary way,
And bids the darkness turn to day.

He caused the gushing rill
  In purity to flow

From yonder lofty hill
To cheer the vale below;
And now a fount has op'd for thee,
With streams of healing, fresh and free.

Then let those tears be dry,
And all thy mourning cease;
Though storms may rage on high,
A voice is whispering —"Peace!"
That heavenly voice with joy attend —
O! rest in Him, the mourner's friend.

And watch him now as he descends the vale,
Where all is terror to the guilty mind;
Life's steady glow is changed to flickering gleams,
And earthly scenes seem wrapt in twilight's shade:
But Faith's pure light with growing luster burns,
And heavenly visions rise upon the view.
His mortal vigor fails, and Friendship's arm
Is vainly proffered; yet the inward man
Mounts as on eagle's wings, and He whose hand
Measures the circuit of a thousand spheres,
With rod and staff is near to guide him through.
He fears no evil.
Mark what holy joy
Irradiates his features! How sublime
The heavenly calm that sits unruffled there!
And hear that gentle voice — e'en now he seems
To join the choral anthem of the skies.

As fades the stars when morning rays appear,—
As sunbeams sink beneath the western sky,
Leaving a hallow'd glory all around;
So fades his spirit — THUS THE CHRISTIAN DIES!

GOD IS LOVE.

'Tis written on the sky! The thousand gems
That gild the azure vault, and pour a flood
Of radiance o'er earth — The rolling cloud,
And the bright bow of purity and grace;
Morn's lovely tinges, and the unequal'd glow
Of sunset; evening's pensive light, and night's
Entrancing canopy, — Yea, all the change
Of lights and shades upon the vast concave,
Proclaim in vivid lines this glorious truth.
Earth, too, declares it! On the waving grass,
The mellow grain, the tall, wide-spreading tree,
The clear, soft rill, the broader, noble stream,
And the deep rolling ocean, 'tis inscribed
As with a sunbeam! All the varied charms
Of earth's rich garniture, speak through the eye
With eloquence. — Its choice, unnumber'd fruits.
Sweet perfume borne upon the passing breeze,
That breeze itself, so vivifying, soft,
Through other senses speak: Upon the ear
'Tis breathed in thrilling harmony, from low
Æolean strain of zephyr, to the deep
And hollow murmur of the forest wind;
The birds blithe carol, and ten thousand harps

Invisible. — The change of seasons, too,
Of day and night proclaim it, with the world
Of *being animate.* Creation's "lord"
The inscription bears in more exalted sense.
His frame, so perfect, apt, and wonderful;
Of frail materials, yet formed with strength,
Speaks loud of love — and then the inner man,
The busy thought, impressions, hopes, desires,
Susceptibility of joy, and hope
Of immortality; capacity for bliss
Eternal, perfect — and for holiness;
Yea, to be less than the Supreme in nought
But his infinity.

God has himself
Owned this blest attribute. Upon that page,
The lamp, the guide the hope, the all of man,
'Tis traced with pen of inspiration, clear
As noon-day brightness. Atheists may scoff,
The stoic arm his heart with brazen shield
To blunt its pointed edge, yet there 'tis fixed
Indelibly; and many hearts will turn
To seek that lovely source. From dross of earth
More and more pure become, and burnish'd more
By Him, the Great Refiner, till is seen
A heavenly host, reflected without spot
In that resplendent mirror.

Clearer still
'Tis blazoned forth in the redeeming plan,

That brought to earth, from throne above the skies,
The mighty Lord of lords and King of kings,
Clothed him in human garb, to all its ills
Subjected him; yea, more than mortal ills,
Despised, forsaken, poor as humblest slave
Upon his footstool — Even unto death
Made sorrowful in spirit; "As a lamb
Led to the slaughter," with the vilest slain,
And sepulcher'd in earth: This wondrous stoop
Of the Divinity, was but to raise
That cup to man, himself had dashed away.
To make him holy, happy, undefiled,
An heir of endless bliss. To gain a seat
For him in Paradise — a diadem
Of unsurpassing splendor, meet indeed
For Seraphim.
Each thrilling harp that's moved
By angel choir — the firmament above,
Beneath; — Creation's limitless expanse,
All heaven and earth, Time and Eternity,
Proclaim in everlasting harmony
That GOD IS LOVE.

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

'Twas midnight o'er the infant earth,
Nor sun nor stars had waked to birth;
The sable waters slept profound,
And silence reigned on all around:
Celestial spirits paused to see
What work was wrought by Deity.

A startling voice the silence broke —
"Let there be light"! The Almighty spoke,
And rays resplendent darted o'er
That new made earth — 'twas night no more;
The joyous waters leaped in might,
And seraphs shouted with delight.

The soul, that wondrous world within,
All cover'd with the shades of sin,
Hath neither voice, nor sound, nor breath,
'Tis midnight chaos, fearful death;
Who, who can melt those clouds away,
And bid such darkness turn to day?

The same Almighty voice is heard —
"Let there be light"! Oh, glorious word!
The soul awakes to life divine,
Unrival'd beams of glory shine;
'Tis radiant with celestial peace,
And joys that never, never cease.

SEA SIDE MUSINGS.

Ocean! I love thee well; when thou dost wear
  Thy milder aspect, like a mirror bright,
Picturing the upper firmament, in fair
  And glowing colors, while its radiant light
Makes every wave a beauteous gem appear;
  Oh! then thou art enrapturing to the sight —
The clouds of sorrow are all chased away,
And o'er the mind dance visions bright and gay.

I love thy darken'd waves; — when winds arise,
  And sweeping oe'r them seem like war's rude sound,
Rousing the madden'd surge — And through yon skies
  Long peals the heavy thunder, as unbound
From cave mysterious, while the lightning flies,
  Pouring a vivid flame on all around:
There is an awful grandeur then abroad,
That lifts the soul to meditate on God!

I love to muse upon thy depths — the store
  Of treasures that are bosom'd there, to lie
In darkness ever: That from off thy shore
  Millions have launched, not dreaming 'twere to die,
Yet ne'er were greeted by affection more;
  That Time will pass, and, in Eternity
Thou'lt render to the call each fabric, rife
Again with immortality and life.

Roll on, thou mighty ocean! There are bounds
  Set to thy waves, and every billow bears
Impress of Deity. The angry sounds
  In tempest heard, His mighty power declares;
Thy gentle music, too, his *praise* resounds,
  And mercy's smile, thy unruffled bosom wears:
Thou art the *Eternal's image*, shadowing forth,
The dazzling glories that fill heaven, to earth!

DEDICATION OF MOUNT HOPE CEMETERY.

ROCHESTER N. Y.

"I've seen the moon gild the mountain's brow,
I've watched the mist o'er the river stealing,
But ne'er did I feel in my breast, 'till now,
So deep, so calm, and so holy a feeling;
'Tis soft as the thrill which Memory throws
Athwart the soul in the hour of repose."

We come, we come, from out the world's rude noise
and bustling throng,
And enter this secluded spot, these hills and vales
among,
To consecrate a place of rest — a dwelling for the
dead!
Oh! softly be each rising breath, and gentle every
tread.

Thrice hallow'd hour! that leads the soul to real
scenes, away
From such as life's illusive shades present from day
to day;
That softens and subdues each tone, checks those in-
tense desires
That end in nought, while purer thought and feeling
it inspires.

No vaulted cells, or chisel'd work of ancient art are here,
Nor costly trappings that adorned the tombs of yore appear;
But Nature's charms of loveliness are scatter'd all around,
Embellishments most meet to deck such consecrated ground.

A silent eloquence is felt; Death and Eternity,
Are traced upon the lofty boughs, and on the azure sky;
The falling leaf bears solemn truth, and in the breeze we hear
Something of parting — sunder'd ties — the mourner, and the tear.

They'll gather here, heart-stricken ones, to bury from their sight
The loved and lost, who mid life's cares were wont to give delight;
The infant, and the prattling child, youth, loveliest and best,
And many an aged one — all, all will mingle here to rest.

Fresh flowers will shed their fragrance here, and *graceful willows* bend

O'er the green turf that hides from view the mourned
and cherished friend;
From these high hills the sparkling streams will mur-
mur gently by,
And pools of crystal purity within these vallies lie.

How sweet and quiet an abode! Oft will the stranger
tread
Its paths, and seek among its tombs some record of
the dead;
To virtue's memory repay the tribute of a tear,
And learn the inscriptions Friendship wrought; O!
say, shall *we* be here?

Yes! many from among this throng in peaceful sleep
will lie,
Unconscious of the charms around, or of the passer-
by;
We've chosen for ourselves a home, and now upon the
air
Is borne the requiem that we sing, and our own fune-
ral prayer.

Mount Hope! That heavenly name imports thy high
and sacred trust,
For 'till the trump shall sound, thou'lt keep inviolate
our dust;
Then glorious forms will rise, to dwell in region far
more blest,
Where nought can enter to disturb their long elysium.

THE TREE OF LIFE.

It stood in Paradise — a noble tree,
Whose fruit imparted immortality.
On man, Jehovah this rich gift bestowed,
And thus his tender love and kindness show'd;
Freely he might partake and ever live —
What greater blessing could his Maker give?
Yet though so great; he spurned this granted good,
And chose in sin to taste forbidden food:
Alas! the curse — debarr'd this precious tree,
No hope remained of immortality;
Frail mortal being; doomed to endless death,
While God prolonged at will his feeble breath.
Curs'd of the Lord, shut out from all the joy
That reign'd in Eden pure, without alloy;
Dying, and hast'ning onward to decay —
Oh! what could this most dreary progress stay?
A ransom came — Jehovah sent his Son
A sacrifice for sin. The plan begun,
Was not to cease till that which had been lost
Was back restored, howe'er so great the cost.
In the blest gospel, "life is brought to light,"
Eternal life greets now the raptured sight
Of him who trusts in Christ's atoning blood,
And takes the gift that's proffer'd him of God.

Transplanted now, in the bright world to come,
Which is the "Pilgrim's" everlasting home;
The tree of life, that choice, celestial prize,
To faith's pure eye still blooms in Paradise.
On either side of that great stream which flows
Like crystal clear, luxuriant it grows;
Twelve different fruits it yields of choicest kind,
And in its leaves the nations healing find.
Most blessed hope! All they that overcome,
Who live in view of that eternal home,
"Shall have a right" to the exalted tree,
And "mortal put on immortality;"
And all who will, while still 'tis called to-day,
May turn from sin and endless death away;
To Jesus look and in his name believe,
And this great gift, *eternal life*, receive.

GOSPEL FAITH.

How potent is its spell! With mystic chain
Of adamantine strength, it binds to things
Beyond, invisible — reveals a world
Of such transcendence, that this lower sphere
Loses its brightness, and recedes to nought
But a dim speck; while life's ten thousand charms
Are made to vanish like those beauteous gems
Neath morning's fervid rays. A radiant light
It sheds upon the dreariness of earth
And softens down its woes: 'Mid fiercest storms
Dispenses sunshine — On the darkest cloud
Paints a refulgent bow — Ay, takes the dregs
From sorrow's bitter fount — And brings to view
O'er sin's sad ruins rising walls and towers.
With lightning's speed Temptation's fiery darts
Fall powerless beneath its mighty shield.
Thus, more than victor, girt anew with strength,
The soul may triumph o'er its deadliest foe.
It penetrates the dungeon's massive walls,
And pours in floods of such celestial rays
That those in chains sing joyous notes of praise,
Makes dismal dens and caverns to resound
With strains melodious — Writes most precious words
On all around to stay the sinking soul

When danger threatens — Shuts the lions mouth,
Subdues the raging fire, and lends a charm
E'en to the martyr's faggot and his stake!
A soothing cordial to disease it brings,
And, 'mid the strife of earth's rude elements,
Peace, like a gentle rill —Yea, more than all,
Irradiates the tomb, and scatters flowers
Upon its pathway — takes from death its sting,
And from the grave its final victory.

O sovereign antidote for ruined man!
Star only that can light his devious way —
Blest golden wing! on which with eagle flight
From these dark vales of sin, and death, and wo,
He soars to heights of purity and peace.

THE WINTRY WIND.

Howl on ye winds; Yea, howl and roar
With fury on — let each blast pour
Its din unhallow'd on my ear, —
What harm to me? There's nought to fear.

The mighty God, whose fiat brought
An universe to light, Who wrought
All glorious things in heaven and earth,
And to the mind of man gave birth:—

At whose command the haughty wave
Retires, no more the shore to lave;
And angry tempests quickly cease
When but the word is utter'd, — "Peace!"

'Tis He who holdeth "in his fists,"
These boisterous winds: — where'er he lists
They spend their might, and at his will
Hush their wild ravings, and are still.

He is my Father —His blest care,
And boundless love 'tis mine to share;
How sweet to rest upon his arm,
With the assurance nought can harm!

HOPE.

'Tis an anchor most sure, when the mariner tost
On life's ocean, his cordage, his mainsail all lost;
When the fiercest of storms are abroad in the air,'
And darkness broods o'er him — almost in despair
He grasps at this anchor — a smile lights his brow;
The gale may rage on, it can harm him not now.

Tis a rainbow! that circles the sky in its gloom,
When grief fills the soul like the night of the tomb;
When thunders have roll'd through the wide vault of heaven,
And lightnings have gleamed — Oh, then it is given,
This bright bow of promise. How peaceful! How true!
There's magic seems blended with each lovely hue.

'Tis a star! fixed and clear in its radiant light —
A sure guiding star, 'mid the darkness of night;
Though clouds may obscure, let one glimmering ray
Greet the eye of earth's pilgrim upon his lone way;
His heart is all light, and he treads ever on,
With free, buoyant step, till life's journey is done.

THE TWICE-BEREAVED.

Joy waked in those fond parents hearts like gushing
rills of spring,
And hopes were bright and fresh as flowers of summer's blossoming;
When ope'd the eyes of their first-born to the blest
light of heaven,
Oh then it was they felt indeed a precious boon was
given.

They watched him in his infancy, and saw his powers unfold,
And each succeeding one to them, was worth a price
untold;
Till near two summers pass'd — He walked, and lisped in voice most sweet,
Some simple words — a winning boy, the love of all
well meet.

But then, Death laid his icy hand upon that little
brow,
And he was torn from fond embrace, and in the grave
laid low;
Alas, what poignant grief o'erflowed those hearts
once full of joy —
How hard within the cold damp earth to lay their
own loved boy!

Their Maker smiled — another bud — a second son
was given,
And now those hearts again were cheered that had
been sadly riven.
Though ne'er the image of the FIRST could be effaced
from view,
This in a measure filled the void, and raised their
hopes anew.

Yet few months passed — DEATH MARK'D HIM TOO,
and by his brother's side,
They laid him down, that lovely babe, their joy, their
hope, their pride;
And to their desolated hearth, CHILDLESS returned
again,
Ah! who can tell the bitterness that filled their bo-
soms then!

Thus twice bereaved! and wherefore? asks the sym-
pathizing soul,
The answer comes — our God who doth all these
events control,
Hath spoken, though so sad it seems, in tones of
tenderest love,
Bidding those parents set their hearts and hopes on
things above.

Listen ye stricken ones! let not that voice be sent in
vain,
Turn, turn from earth, whose joys are brief and min-
gled but with pain;

And seek a fount of endless bliss by faith in Jesus won,
Then will the deep response go forth, "Father! thy will be done."

ADMONITORY.

'Let us not sleep as do others, but let us watch and be sober.'

Sleeping now! O Christian waken,
'Tis the time to watch and pray;
Darkness reigns, but 'tis the darkness
That precedes the dawn of day!
Rouse thee — buckle on thine armor,
Nerve thee with the Spirit's power
To resist the fierce temptations
Gathering in this final hour.

Sleeping now! there's danger lurking
Fearfully on every side;
Should the cry be made, "He cometh,"
Where would then be found his bride?
Not most surely, wrapped in slumber,
Unadorned to meet her Lord;
No, she would be wakeful, ready,
Joying, trembling at his word.

Sleeping now! Ah, let the wicked
Who will not in Christ confide,
And the promise of his coming
Most unblushingly deride —
Let THEM if they choose such portion,
Be enwrapp'd in sleep profound,

But be up and doing, Christian,
Ere the seventh trump shall sound.

Sleeping now! all Heaven is watching,
Anxious for the approaching day:
Satan also, and his legions
Wait its dawning with dismay;
Rouse then — buckle on thine armor,
Nerve thee with the Spirit's power,
O be wakeful, watchful, ready,
In that final trying hour.

INVOCATION.

Spare, Father spare! who hast thus far thy grace
Deigned to impart to kindred near and dear;
Still, I beseech reveal thy smiling face,
And condescend those much loved ones to cheer
With the rich boon of Health. Vouchsafe thy care
To save from fell disease — spare, Father, spare.

Give me a trusting heart, that night and day,
I may commit them cheerfully to thee;
Feeling assured Thou doest well alway,
And what thou will'st is best for mine and me;
Oh may we still thy boundless mercy share,
Unworthy as we are, — spare, Father, spare!

Stay the dread pestilence, that o'er the land
Spreads desolation, sorrow and dismay;
Slacken the terrors of thy chast'ning hand,
And bid this messenger of death give way;
Though meet for judgment, yet awhile forbear,
E'en our rebellious land, spare, Father spare!

THE CHILD'S SLEEP.

[Suggested by the account of a little girl, who died, saying, as was her custom when going to rest — "Good night, mamma, good night."]

Dear child! she laid her down to rest,
Calm as the summer's breeze;
Just as it gently wakes at eve,
And sighs amid the trees.

"Good night," she breathed in accents sweet,
And closed her dreamy eyes,
As if with sunbeams of the morn
Again to wake and rise.

Alas! she knew not of that sleep,
So fearful, so intense;
And knowing not, she feared no ill,
That babe of innocence.

And so she slept — but not to wake
To earthly light again;
To feel no more the mortal thrills
Of pleasure, or of pain.

But parents take your treasure now,
And lay it in the dust;

Your eye uplifted, and the heart
Cheerful with hope and trust.

True as there is a God in heaven,
When death's dark night is o'er,
Your little slumberer will awake,
And rise to sleep no more.

If "heirs of God," 'twill be your joy
Then to behold her face;
And join with her in songs of praise
To grace — triumphant grace.

THE PENITENTIAL TEAR.

There's many a tear that dims the eye
From sorrow's fountain wide;
And many a low, heart-broken sigh
Tells what the soul doth hide.

But though that fount be deep of woe,
One tear that issues thence,
Is more than all the streams that flow —
The tear of penitence.

It speaks of holy love within,
Of trespasses forgiven;
A spirit waging war with sin,
The same that reigns in heaven.

Nor costly pearl, nor gem so rare,
In all their loveliness,
Can with this simple tear compare
That shines with heavenly grace.

He whose abode is vast and high,
Beholds it with delight;
Of all that dims the mourner's eye,
'Tis fairest in His sight.

For in that heart he deigns to dwell,
And stamps his image there;
Ah! ever doth he love full well
The penitential tear.

SPRING.

"For lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

Hear'st thou sweet music that through earth is ringing,
From hill and valley, field and forest lone —
From gushing rill, and leaping cascade, bringing
Its wonted free and glad, yet solemn tone?

Seest thou the earth, new robes of verdure wearing,
And buds unfolding in the fervid ray —
The leaf expand, the tender shoot appearing,
And lovely blossoms bursting from the spray.

Hast thou beheld the clear, soft light of heaven?
The seraph clouds that float upon its breast?
And brilliant hues that gild the sky at even,
When day's refulgent orb hath sunk to rest?

Has the mild breeze from southern climes caress'd thee,
Starting afresh the current from thy heart?
Have sunny smiles, and dew and fragrance bless'd thee
And do these all a thrill of joy impart?

There is a voice with earth's sweet music blending,
On every leaf, and opening bud, a line:

Wood, field and stream soft notes to thee are sending,
Listen, they breathe of life, and love divine.

Mark how decay and death have gather'd round us,
Beneath the cold and cheerless reign of sin;
Its icy hand with fetters strong has bound us,
And nought but desolation dwells within.

But when the Sun of Righteousness appeareth,
In all the melting fervor of his rays;
New robes of beauty then the spirit weareth,
And breathes to Heaven a song of joy and praise:

Soft dews descend, and gentle showers to nourish
The soil, where grace fertility restored;
Plants of celestial birth take root and flourish,
Making the waste a "garden of the Lord."

A VOICE FOR THE SLAVE.

Oh pity the slave, as he groans 'neath the rod
More terrible far than the scourges of God;
Than pestilence, earthquake, or withering breath
Of dreaded sirocco — that herald of death.

The slave is endowed with a gem that's divine,
And may like a star of the firmament shine;
But the casket enclosing it bears a dark stain,
And hence like the brute he must ever remain.

Oh pity the slave in his agonized grief,
When the voice of affection can yield no relief,
For the friends of his heart are most ruthlessly torn
And away from his presence in anguish are borne.

Fond parents upon their loved children may smile,
And an hour of despondency seek to beguile,
Yet fear, like a canker-worm preys on their joy,
And ever the first buds of hope doth destroy.

The slave! how he toils under task-masters stern,
From whom ancient Egypt might cruelty learn;
Still day after day, and each week toiling hard,
Yet having no profit, receives no reward.

But the darkest of deeds that is wrought 'neath the sun,
Which slavery in her foul spirit hath done,
Is to shut out the soul from Heaven's pure light,
And leave it to wander in darkness of night.

No Bible, no Sabbath, no altar of prayer,
The saints blest communion he never may share!
No light on his pathway — alas for the slave!
His soul's fondest hope is the rest of the grave.

Oh pity the slave! and impelled by that love
Which brought the Redeemer of men from above,
Go forth to his rescue — act nobly — and pray
For the death of oppression, and Freedom's bright day.

A BIBLE ORNAMENT.

1 Peter, iii. 4.

There is a gem — a priceless gem,
More lovely than the diadem
Where precious stones in radiance glow,
That decks an earthly monarch's brow.

'Tis beauteous in Jehovah's eyes,
By Him esteemed a valued prize;
And who this ornament doth wear
Is sure His gracious smiles to share.

A "quiet spirit" — Though life's cares
Press on the soul, and thousand snares
Beset on every side — yet still
Enduring patiently each ill.

And if reviled, or with disdain
Approached, reviling not again;
Meek, gentle, like our blessed Lord,
Returning not an angry word.

This is the gem that God approves,
The ornament he truly loves:
Who would not seek so great a prize,
And thus be lovely in His eyes?

The gaudy trappings of the gay.
Glitter awhile, then fade away;
But this through ages hence will shine,
More lustrous still, because divine.

TO THE SLAVEHOLDER.

"WHOSE IS THIS IMAGE AND SUPERSCRIPTION?"

Say, ye who hold your fellow man,
In chains of slavery strong as death;
Who claim him all life's little span,
And scarce allow him *claim to breath*:

Whose image do ye there behold?
And what the name inscribed thereon?
Tell what it is thus bought and sold,
Then see how dark the deed that's done!

Listen, what saith the word of God
When He existence first decreed,
For him who walked the earth abroad,
The noblest of his works indeed.

"Let us make man a living soul;
In our own image let him be:
Crown'd with dominion, upright, whole,
True likeness of the Deity."

And He beheld the work complete,
Then with exalted pleasure stood
'Mid all his hosts, the Holy Great,
Eternal One pronounced it "good."

The semblance there can still be traced,
In powers of intellect and thought,
Though sadly in those souls defaced
Whom thou hast so unjustly bought.

And yet thou boldly canst proclaim
Because thus marr'd and crush'd by thee —
A slave is not a man — Oh, shame!
How deep the guilt that rests on thee.

Rouse, ere the kindling wrath of Heaven
In lurid flames burst o'er thine head;
Whilst thou to sad despair art driven,
All peace and hope forever fled.

Render to the Eternal God
What e'er His mark and image bear;
Ay, *wield no more oppression's rod*
If e'er thou would'st His mercy share.

LUTHER AT THE DIET OF WORMS.

Intrepid, godlike man! Behold him there
'Mid the assembly vast. Princes and kings
In all their royal dignity. The proud,
And worldly-wise, and almost deified
Prelates and Bishops, with the varied names
Of church ambassadors, intent to awe
The great disturber of their carnal joys,
And chain him at their feet.

Behold him there—
Meek, humble, patient, yet with loftiness,
Surpassing all around, even as the sun
In morning splendor shines above the stars!
He speaks with wisdom, and with mighty power,
And stands triumphant victor o'er his foes.

We see the oak, that monarch of the wood,
Year after year battling the storms of heaven,
And tho', perchance, touch'd by the lightning still
Standing unmoved; we wonder and admire.
A noble ship goes forth upon the deep.
Surge after surge sweeps with a vengeance by,
And every sea threatens to overwhelm;
Yet on it moves, buffets the wind and waves,

Outrides the storm, comes safely into port
Amid the acclamations of a crowd.
Praises are showered upon the conqueror's head
To martial courage greatest honors given. —
But, what are these, compared with such a scene
As we contemplate, when a child of earth
Undaunted stands, amid the fiercest war
Of moral elements, yea, overcomes,
And "more than conquers" — rises higher still,
And gains new strength with every victory?

And what was Luther's power? What was the rock
On which he stood, that seemed of adamant?
'Twas simple "faith in God." He had espoused
The cause of truth — eternal, holy truth;
And He, whose attributes are infinite,
Vouchsafed his blessing. 'Twas Omnipotence
That girt him round, and well might he defy
All earthly foes, ay, e'en the hosts of hell.
Oh glorious display! The power of faith,
So simple, yet sublime, — that raises man
From a mere earth-worm to the exalted height
Of sonship to the Eternal — ONE WITH GOD.

CHRISTIAN SIMPLICITY.

But I fear, lest, by any means, as the Serpent beguiled Eve through his subtilty, so your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ. 2 Cor. xi. 3.

Christian simplicity — a choice, rare gem,
In these degenerate times. Yet lovely still
Wherever found. An honor to the name
Of Israel's God — bespeaking that true faith
Which will be found 'mid all the counterfeits,
Alone to endure the great and burning day!
Simplicity's the garb of Piety,
Her native garb. She ever shuns display,
But seeks, by contrast with the gorgeousness
Of earthly pride, to publish to the world
That there is something more substantial, pure,
And lasting, than the baubles of this earth,
On which to place the heart.

Where there is love,
That love that prompted Jesus to forego
The bliss of Heaven, and to lay down His life
A willing sacrifice; there will be found
No putting on of outward ornaments,
But simple, plain attire, such as becomes
A follower of the Lamb.

How can it be
That God, the Holy one, communes with pride?

His spirit dwell within a heart that's fixed
Upon its idols! Vain, presumptuous thought!
Alas! that truth can be perverted thus —
Its Author so blasphemed!

Behold that Fane,
Reared high and costly. 'Tis adorned within,
And made to minister to ease and sloth;
Fashion is there, and emulation. Yet
Tis called a temple, sacred to His praise
Who hath declared —"I dwell with humble ones,
Contrite in spirit." See the worshippers
Assembled there. In glittering, gay attire,
Each with the other vieing who shall be
Arrayed most richly. Prayer to heaven ascends;
But, with the gazing eye, and knee unbent,
They seem spectators only; and the song,
Professedly, of praise, is only heard
As if to please, or with the critic's ear.
Behold, around the sacramental board,
The waving plume, and flowers of gaudy hue.
With "gold, and pearls, and costliest array,"
Adorning those who come to celebrate
The dying love of an ascended Lord!
Mark these — and say, is this in unison
With true devotion? Is God honored thus?
Was this the spirit by a Wesley shown,
A Fletcher Bramwell, yea, a holy Paul,
Or Christ, our true example?

O, beware!
Christian beware! He, who so wily crept
Into an Eden, and beguiled the hearts
Of our first parents, still is lurking round,
Ready to lure from holiness to sin.
Beware, lest he corrupt your minds away
From the simplicity of godliness.

GOD—THE GIVER.

"Every good gift, and every perfect gift is from above; and cometh down from the Father of Lights."

Yes, Father! I behold thy bounteous hand
In every blessing that delights my soul:
They cause a deep, deep fountain to expand
Of gratitude within me, as they roll
Unnumber'd, plenteous — love and mercy shine,
Clear as the sunbeams, beauteous and divine.

Earth's verdant carpet is a gift from thee,
And flowers that spring, of varied form and hue;
The matchless grandeur of the forest tree,
The glories of the morn — its sparkling dew,
And fragrant air — the balmy breath of even;
Father! by thee alone, all, all are given.

Thou sendest forth the quick'ning genial shower,
And harvest-fields look smiling — boughs bend low
With weight of luscious fruit, and every hour
Through the long sunshine comes the gentle flow
Of mountain rill, or insect's hum, or song
Of forest warblers, a bright, joyous throng.

And there are social joys. Friend meets with friend
And holds communion blest — The household ties
That cause such heartfelt sympathy, and bind

A holy charm to home, *they* ever prize
Who have a soul to feel. Here we may see
Tokens of love — gifts, O our God from thee?

But, unsurpassed, *the gift of Thy dear Son.*
To save from sin — to bring the wanderer, lost,
Back to the fold, and have the work begun
Of full redemption. This great gift hath cost
A price untold. And we will give thee praise
Beyond the bounds of time, through endless days.

Oh what a heart, and what a life must be
His, who receives the good thou dost bestow,
And yet views not the Giver — turns from Thee,
And all ungrateful, doth not care to know
Aught of thy character, thy boundless love,
But spurns the message sent him from above:

Such are not conscious of true joys. They live
But half the life thou givest — Yea, 'tis *more*
Than half of life to know that thou dost give
Our every blessing, and thy grace adore:
To all our pleasures there's a holy zest,
And e'en in trials we are richly blest.

INVITATION.

'Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Pilgrim do thy cares oppress,
In this toilsome wilderness?
Art thou longing to be free?
Jesus says "Come unto me."

Trust then in his sacred word,
Cast all care upon the Lord;
He doth hear each mournful plaint
Coming from the weakest saint.

Rest — that earth can ne'er bestow,
Such as Jesus left below,
Is the boon ye may receive,
If in Him ye but believe.

Dying sinner! — tempest-tost,
Without mercy ever lost:
Listen to that voice of love,
Calling to thee from above.

In thy present state, thou'lt be
Ever "like the troubled sea:"
But in Jesus there is rest,
Come — thou wilt be ever blest.

Blessed word! more precious far
Than earth's choicest treasures are:
Whatsoe'er our sorrows be,
Jesus saith — "Come unto me."

WHAT IS TRUTH.

Look upward; — read it in the stars that deck the azure sky,
And in the soft and silvery moon, enthroned with majesty;
The gorgeous orb that scatters night, and with reviving ray
Spreads life and beauty all abroad, imparting joyful day.

Ay, read it in the opening cloud that pours its treasure down,
Whose bounteous gift, ungrateful earth but seldom deigns to own;
In that triumphant arch that shines with bright and varied hue,
From out the storm, like Mercy's smile, so beautiful and true.

Behold it in those glittering drops that gem each verdant leaf,
As morn's unrival'd charms appear; — pure, lovely and yet brief;
In rivulets that flow unchained through flowery mead and vale,
Glad'ning the soil whose fragrant stores a thousand sweets exhale.

Upon the trackless ocean read, and in the woody glade
Among those lofty boughs which form the forest's
lonely shade;
In rugged cliffs by river's side, and those smooth rocks
that seem
Like chisel'd work; — in mossy beds along the wind-
ing stream.

Listen! 'tis in the robin's note that comes at early
dawn,
In all the witching melody that sounds o'er hill and
lawn;
Its humbler strains the insect breathes upon the sum-
mer air,
And in the zephyr's gentle sigh — yea, it is even there

Oh, study these, and lay aside earth's evanescent lore,
The priceless gem is found amid creation's boundless
store;
In all the works of Deity its lustrous beauties shine,
For every impress of His hand is nought but truth di-
vine.

PLEAD FOR THE RIGHT.

Though there may be legions round thee,
Evil spirits, pressing hard;
Though a marshal'd host surround thee,
And would fain the work retard:
Plead for the right.

Speak aloud for truth and justice,
Let the wicked nations hear;
Warn them of a coming judgment,
Speak aloud and never fear.
Plead for the right.

Truth is mighty and will conquer —
Like an adamantine shield,
'Twill avert the deadly weapons
Which the foes of Virtue wield.
Plead for the right.

Though all earth and hell oppose thee,
Onward let thy motto be;
Onward, till the ranks of error
Fall at thine approach, or flee.
Plead for the right.

God will aid thee by his Spirit,
And a bright angelic band
Will surround thee. Press then onward,
For the TRUTH at all times stand,
Plead for the right.

HEALTH STANZAS.

There are pearls from the ocean,
  And gold from the mine,
And gems of rich beauty
  Resplendently shine;
And coronets gleam
  With the diamond so rare,
Most precious! none other
  Can with it compare.

There are many things costly
  And bright o'er the earth,
To things of great beauty
  Hath God given birth:
Yet brighter, and better,
  And choicer than wealth,
Pearls, gems, or the diamond,
  The *treasure of* HEALTH.

Who, who would not seek it,
  And who does not prize
This best of all blessings
  That's found 'neath the skies?
Yet oft it is bartered
  By many for nought,
Save some gross enjoyment,
  Not worthy their thought.

Away with all viands,
All sumptuous fare —
Let me but this blessing
Of health ever share;
I'll court not the honors
At Fashion's loved shrine,
While the wealth of the Indies
Can ne'er equal mine.

Oh, give me a breathing
In pure air of heaven,
Which God in great mercy
To mortals hath given;
And let me drink, oft
From the bountiful springs
Which flow forth so freely,
To gladden all things.

My diet be simple,
As Nature designed,
For health of the body,
And strength of the mind:
Then toil will be pleasant,
Refreshing my rest;
And life, though so chequer'd
Be peaceful and blest.

THE FOREST TREES.

How beautiful! How beautiful! the towering forest trees,
Majestically waving in the summer-evening's breeze;
There's grace in every motion, and each verdant bough appears,
Inwoven with its fellow, like the ties of early years.

How silent and imposing! Like sentinels they stand,
As if to guard the entrance to some bright and holy land;
Or consecrated temple where the Presence from above
O'ershadows every worshipper, and melts the heart with love.

There is a spell in gazing, we know not how to break
A thousand pleasing images within the soul awake;
Of forest choirs — and sacred haunts — and those primeval days
When nought was echoed through the world but Nature's joyous praise.

And there is purest worship within the forest now,
Unceasingly arising from every lofty bough;
The stars in silent grandeur are watching from on high,
And calmness, sweet and holy, is spread abroad the sky.

Oh! 'tis most blest and joyous to turn aside from earth,
Its ceaseless wail of sorrow, and harsher din of mirth;
To be by *these* borne upward to realms of blissful light,
Where all that greets the vision is beautiful and bright.

Thanks to the great Creator! He loves to give us joy,
What'er His hand hath fashion'd is still without alloy;
That name of matchless glory is clearly stamped on these,
The beautiful, the verdant, the towering forest trees.

THE BIBLE.

'Tis a ray of purest light,
Beaming through the depths of night;
Brighter than ten thousand gems
Of the costliest diadems.

'Tis an orb — more radiant far
Than the fairest evening star;
Yea, the sun outshining even
When it rides midway in heaven.

'Tis a fountain — pouring forth
Streams of life to gladden earth;
Whence eternal blessings flow,
Antidote for human woe.

'Tis an ocean — vast and clear,
In which rays divine appear,
Bearing freight, the choicest store
Ever borne the wide earth o'er.

'Tis a mine — ay, deeper, too,
Than can mortal ever go;
Search we may for many years,
Still some new, rich gem appears.

Blessed Bible! precious word!
Boon most sacred from the Lord;
Glory to His name be given,
For this best rich gift from Heaven.

DIVINE CONSOLATION.

"Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God."

Christian soul, desponding,
Look above, and see
What sweet words of comfort
Are addressed to thee;
Words of heavenly import,
True as is His throne,
Spoken by thy Maker,
Claim them as thine own.

Earthly scenes are passing,
Passing quickly by;
Many trials, crosses,
In thy pathway lie:
'Tis but for a moment,
Very soon the bright
Joyful morning cometh,
All will then be light.

O, the blissful prospect!
Cheer thee, drooping one;
Soon thy warfare's ended,
And thy course is done;
And a crown of glory
Thou wilt then receive,

Lift thy heart with gladness,
Yea, look up believe.

Soon your King is coming
In the clouds of heaven,
And all earth's dominion,
Will to him be given;
Other powers will crumble,
Like the chaff will flee —
And the saints will gather
To the Jubilee!

Earth renewed as Eden
Then will be thy home;
Through the dreary desert
Thou no more wilt roam
There'll be no more sorrow,
Tears all wiped away,
No more clouds or darkness,
But resplendent day.

O, the blissful prospect!
Drooping soul arise:
Cheer thee — and with ardor
Hasten to the prize;
Look — the day is dawning!
See the day-star bright,
Let these words of comfort
Make thy burdens light.

LIFE.

"What will a man give in exchange for his soul?"

Who does not prize *existence?*
What being can you find
Within God's vast creation,
Possessing aught of mind,
But would resign all treasure,
All friendship, honor, give,
Yea, all that he possesses,
Yield cheerfully, to live?

Life — life — how dear and precious!
Man roams the wide world o'er
In efforts to preserve it,
And counts his gather'd store
As nought when measur'd with it:
He fears by night and day,
Lest this, his dearest treasure,
Be torn from him away.

"An inch of life, O give me!"
The dying Queen implored;
"I'll give you millions for it" —
Such was her earnest word,
Alas! what then were riches,
In that most fearful hour?

Of what avail her kingdom,
With all its pomp and power!

Eternal life is offered
To fallen guilty man;
How merciful the Giver,
How wonderful the plan!
O mortal strive to gain it,
Through *Jesus Christ* 'tis given;
He's waiting a petition
Your Advocate in heaven.

THE NEW EARTH.

When this fair globe, that hath so long
To sin's dark reign been given,
Is blotted as a cursed thing,
From out the hosts of heaven;
Oh! then from His untiring hand
Who gave creation birth,
Another yet more bright will spring —
A new and joyous earth.

To faith's pure eye its hills and vales
In beauteous robes appear,
Its gushing rills all luminous,
Its silent waters clear;
And verdant groves and blossoms fair
Within the vista rise,
With shaded grot and flowery walk,
And bowers of Paradise.

Yet more transcendent glory still,
Attunes the heart to praise,
And bids the joyful lips break forth,
In ever-grateful lays;
The same that wakens joy in Heaven,
And constitutes its worth —
Unsullied beams of righteousness,
Adorning that "new earth."

Thrice blessed orb! From every mount,
And every glen shall rise
A quenchless flame of perfect love,
Accepted sacrifice;
Each hallow'd morn, and noon, and eve,
Seraphic notes will bear,
And He who cover'd Sinai's top
Shall dwell in glory there.

The "morning stars" will then again
In lofty songs unite,
And all the sons of God raise high,
Their shouts of pure delight:
Yea, God himself will call it "good,"
And that bright work divine,
Amid the countless gems of light,
For evermore will shine.

THE WORLD TO COME.

TUNE—Happy land.

There is a world to come,
Blessed and pure;
It is the Christian's home,
Long to endure.
O, 'tis a world most bright,
No more death, nor woe, nor night,
Faith views it with delight,
Knowing 'tis sure.

There Jesus Christ shall reign,
All glorious King!
There music's rapturous strain
Ever will ring:
Saints, who, in ages by,
Suffered, and were called to die,
There in sweet harmony.
Anthems will sing.

O, 'twill be paradise,
Eden restored;
All beauteous in their eyes
Who love the Word:
Wastes that are now so drear,
Like the rose shall blossom there,

And be a garden fair,
As saith the Lord.

There life's unfading tree
Will bloom most fair;
And Immortality
Its leaves shall bear:
While a pure stream will flow,
And a joy no mortals know
Will to each soul bestow,
Who enters there.

O that bright world to come!
Tongue cannot tell
How blessed is the home,
Where saints will dwell:
Turn then from sin away,
And the Word of God obey,
Then at the last great day,
All will be well.

CHRISTIAN PILGRIM'S HOME.

"And the Inhabitant shall not say, I am sick."

Look away feeble pilgrim, now sighing with pain,
To the fair promised land thine own haven of rest;
That couch where for wearisome days thou hast lain,
Will soon be exchanged for a mansion most blest.

How cheering the prospect! No chill piercing air,
Will ever sweep over those realms of delight;
No poisonous vapors or pestilence there
To leave their destructive and withering blight.

No sickness — no, not the least shadow of pain,
And e'en from the *fear* of disease not a sigh;
Thy body redeemed from the curse will remain
Still perfect, while ages on ages roll by.

Look away then, worn pilgrim, to that blessed home,
And in the sweet promise with confidence rest;
The day is approaching when Jesus will come,
And lead thee away to thy mansion so blest.

PRAYER.

O it is sweet,
At early morn, even the first faint glow,
To rise from our repose, and lowly bow
At Jesus' feet.

'Tis sweet to seek
When the proud sun is midway in his course
His face who is of all true light the source,
Who guides the meek.

At close of day,
When wearied with its labors we retire
To lose the thoughts our waking hours inspire,
'Tis sweet to pray.

'Tis blest to pour
Into His ear our heavy tide of woes,
And that our hearts may find a true repose,
His grace implore.

And when the heart
Is full of joy, 'tis blessed then indeed
To praise and pray, for every good we need
God doth impart.

From day to day,
From hour to hour, in sunshine and in storm
When joy appears or grief in any form,
'Tis sweet to pray!

THE CHRISTIAN.

"I receive not Honor from Men."

No; the world may scorn and hate me,
  They may cast my name aside
As a worthless thing, and leave me,
  All my hopes and joys deride;
Not THEIR honor am I seeking,
  Not their plaudit do I crave;
But to Him alone am looking,
  Whose all-potent arm can save.

Yes, to Him, the mighty Savior,
  Do I look to be approved;
In his smiles am peaceful ever,
  Happy if by him beloved;
This is honor worth my seeking,
  Worth a life of toil and pain;
Let the world then shun and leave me,
  Give me this — I'll ne'er complain.

What would earthly favor yield me,
  While I drew my latest breath?
Could its witching flatteries shield me
  From the cruel grasp of death?
What enjoyment would it give me
  When the world was wrapt in flame,

To behold in glowing colors
On Fame's lofty dome my name?

Should I take it as a passport
For an entrance to that land,
Where the saints arrayed in beauty
And immortal life shall stand;
Not a groat would it avail me,
Worthless then should I appear,
And be sent away with mourning,
That my name was written here.

Yes, let me be like my Master,
He was scorned by all the great,
Ever active, yet receiving
For the good he did, but hate:
Frowned upon, despised, rejected,
Treated with contempt most base;
Thrust from earth as too ignoble
Even here to claim a place.

In thy footsteps I would follow,
Blest Immanuel, with mine eye
Fixed alone upon that honor
Coming from the throne on high.
Having this, I'm blest for ever,
Graven on thine own right hand;*
Will my name, though most unworthy,
Through eternal ages stand.

(*Isa. 49:16.)

THE LOVE OF JESUS.

The love of Jesus — who can speak its worth?
Not all the riches of Golconda's mine,
Nor choicest stores that ever bless'd this earth,
Compare one moment with this gem divine.

Worlds, suns, and systems vanish into nought,
The mighty universe itself grows dim,
When all the powers of intellect are brought
To contemplate this ever-glorious theme.

The love of Jesus! 'Tis as high as heaven,
Deeper, far deeper than the ocean's cave;
The work is vain for highest seraph even,
To reach its depth, or fathom yet one wave.

No words can e'er reveal its wondrous height,
Its length and breadth exceed all human thought;
'Tis matchless, boundless as the realms of light,
And still with everlasting mystery fraught.

Shout, ye angelic choirs! Prolong the sound;
Let ev'ry heart and voice with rapture move!
Ye mortals, echo the wide earth around
Enrapturing strains of praise to Jesus' love.